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## Things in General

PERHAPS it may be putting us in a trivial attitude with regard to a great subject, but after all it is difficult to grasp any large thing without being subjunctively receptive—that is, being able to feel the large thing in the small way. When we try to realize the peace propositions of two great nations and the sinister designs which caused the war and the extraordinary philosophy which has been sufficient to close the war, we get at the great proposition of peacemaking. All of us have quarrels; I think it is not too wide a statement to say that we all desire peace. Peace is that sort of thing that maketh for quietness and gentleness; it arreing is rascally and vulgar. If we know of a neighbor who quarrels with his wife, or have on our street a wife who quarrels with her husband, instinctively we dislike them. The world was evidently founded to work on harmonious lines, and yet it has displayed itself in all kinds of efforts for mastery. When the God we believe in, no matter what the details of our belief may be, manifested Himself on earth, it was the doctrine of the Peace which Passeth all Understanding which was proclaimed. This seems to me to be the thing we all desire and the thing which we so seldom accomplish. The beautiful philosophy which has brought this about in a struggle which has been so interesting brings us eye to eye with a philosophy which maketh for this sort of thing and a simpler life.

"The Peace which Passeth all Understanding" came to me as an indefinite something the other night. For nearly two weeks I had not been at peace with myself and consequently was out of harmony with the world. Possessed of an intense power of suffering and something which seems to require enjoyment, I differ with myself and my neighbors as to how the things should be worked out. Sometimes my stomach seems to be the trouble; this involves the nerves, for no one can have a quiet conscience and unhappiness of to-ordination. The peace which Japan has made with Russia seems to mean the sort of thing meant by the Peace which Passeth all Understanding. Nobody's stomach or nerves seem to have been permitted to interfere with the settlement which Japan made with Russia. M. Witte, on the other hand, has certainly made a display of himself. A Child of the People, he has permitted his lack of training to obtrude. His joy at his apparent success swamped him; in a diplomatic sense he giggled, shook hands with himself, and then roared with boisterous recognition of the first Peace HE has brought about. Glad as we must all be to see so large and unsophisticated a man as M. Witte pushed to the front of Russian affairs, we must recognize his limitations and understand that Peace as it came was one that Passeth Understanding and was from above, not from M. Witte. Do any of us understand the pleasure we feel in Japan's success? Better, perhaps, to say in our enjoyment of the fact that Japan was not discomfited, that the little people beat the big ones, and neither numbers nor immensity overwhelmed.

I have not seen it anywhere else, and I know I worked but for myself a theorem which reverses many of our propositions. Infinity does not consist of immensity in the sense of magnitude. The mountain and the ocean cannot move and control except in destructive sense. The huge things may fall upon us or destroy us by some upheaval, but do not benefit us by any upheaval or evolution. Infinity, the ultimate essence of greatness and possibility, is in the reversal of ordinarily understood conditions of power. It is in the infinity of littleness. The huge indestructibility of matter is in atoms, not mountains. The final divisibility of an atom of radium is the extent of our knowledge, not the extent of our travels. It has been wisely said that "much reading maketh a full man, much writing an accurate man, much speaking a ready man, and much travel a wise man." In this formuls, thought, study and a regard to what is and must inevitably be, have little place. And yet it is everything. I used to try with all my childish imagination to create, so I could see and worship it, a God a billion miles high, with a hand of vengeance or beneficence as huge as North America. I have loved the mountains, the ocean and the restless volumes of water as a Pantheist worships trees and thinks that things are because they couldn't be otherwise. This in itself is not an intelligible or intelligent faith, because the elemental objects do not move nor have they power over space. Accepting, as I do now, the theory that Infinity is only discoverable as we recede into Littleness, I find a God who is really Infinite, that is the essence of all things, being the ultimate particle and component of all things. Passing away beyond the subtlety of electricity, heat, light, the transference of thought, we find in radium a powerful action concentrative of all, yet active and in conjunction with the gelatin of beef, in a sterilized condition, apparently capable of producing life. The experiment in this connection is by a year more recent than my own deduction, and I welcome it as a material lesson proving that size, hugeness, mere magnitude, are not evidences of God. Wherever there is life there is God; wherever there is God there is life. The overwhelming God quality is not existent in mountains and valleys as we go out to see them in our summerings and are overpowered by them in our lingerings with them. The real godlike thing passeth all understanding: is not hindered either by mountains or ocean; finds no obstructions in walls or any material things; is not weakened by distance nor bounded by obstacles; God is pervading, omniscient, omnipresent, a part of us, and we are part of Him in the sense that all or any of us is God, and all of God that we can understand is that part of Him that is a part of us.

This seems strangely out of place in a discussion of the "peace that passeth understanding" which Japan has concluded. In the great evolution of affairs the little things and the little people grow in magnitude as the purposes to which they are put are made greater. The pervading power of Japan is now known, the mountain-like immensity of Russia is not recognizable as a factor in world government. To go further with the argument would be an obvious failure to recognize the imagination of the reader, or to tire out the reason of those who must have been able to follow a simple thought.

THE Canadian West, with its millions upon millions of acres, open, unbounded, unlimited to the eye, gives even to an unimaginative traveller a freshened enthusiasm for all that is big and broad and free in nature and in human life. Yet we have just witnessed the preposterously incongruous spectacle of the leaders of a great political party making the West the stage whereon to repudiate all that was large and fine in their past, and to present a political farce at a time when the country looked for an historic drama. In the establishment of the two new provinces Alberta and Saskatchewan, the Governments of which were inaugurated at Edmonton and Regina during the past week, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues have displayed a smallness of vision that is appalling and a narrowness of partizanship that is perhaps without a parallel in the history of Canada. While the newspapers are discussing the situation purely from the viewpoint of the politician, it is perhaps well to remember that greater forces than political hocus-pocus enter into the adjustment of public affairs. Mr. Haultain, the man who above all others stands for the broad and generous spirit of the West, has been ignored in the formation of the new Provincial Governments, but it is encouraging to note that his future looks larger than ever in the public eye. Happily, the human mind is so constituted that, sooner or later, the thing that is true and right and the man who is sincere and strong will win recognition and public approval. In due time Mr. Haultain will fill the place in Canadian affairs for which he is best fitted, and those

who seek his political death will inevitably meet their own. Alberta and Saskatchewan will bear the marks of political manipulation, but their ultimate destiny cannot be ignoble.

To Mr. S. E. Sangster, Private Secretary to Dr. Bryce, Chief Medical Inspector for Canada (Immigration and Indian Affairs), I am indebted for the following interesting letter with regard to the progress of the Canadian Indians:

The forward movement that has been inaugurated among the Indians of Canada for several years past is perhaps not generally known to many outside of officials immediately connected with the management and care of the "white man's burden."

It may be said here that the Indians of the Dominion who have entered into "treaty" with the Government and are thus under Government care and tutelage, numbered, on July 1st, 1904, some 110,000, this not taking into consideration the Indians of the Yukon and "non-treaty" Indians, numbering some 15,000 to 20,000 more.

The Government returns showed, on July 1st, 1903, the number of "treaty Indians" to be some 100,000, thus it is clearly and unquestionably shown that our Canadian Indians, unlike those of the United States, are increasing, despite the ravages of that awful plague which visits the Indian in its several forms, consumption. From the above statistics it is seen that there was an increase of some 8000 treaty Indians for the year July, 1903-July, 1904, and, as there has been less sickness and fewer deaths among them

greatest use to him, and that this is being faithfully carried out. Their religious and moral welfare is also carefully looked after, each denomination giving the schools under their care religious training according to the doctrines of their church.

Indians, that a few years ago were as ignorant and savage as in olden times, are now comparatively wealthy, having, in many cases, large herds of cattle, and in other instances large farms, with fine houses and barns and many acres of land under cultivation. Sometimes, although I am glad to say very rarely, one meets an Indian that will not, or can not, accustom himself to the white man's ways and who seems to prefer to remain, as of old, in dirt and ignorance and with a pagan form of worship; such, however, are becoming fewer each year and in a very short time all the red men will become as their white brothers in their mode of living.

Among other numerous incidents that might be quoted to show the improvement and progress of the Indian, I will point out one striking example. While it was the custom to issue rations to treaty Indians, in the North-West in particular, a few years ago, now it is rarely that a year passes that several bands do not become self-sustaining, thus obviating the necessity, in most cases, of supplying rations and, incidentally, an issuer of the same, and in other cases reducing the issue to less than half its former amount.

One of the drawbacks met with in educating the Indian as a farmer, is his indolence and habitual laziness, and a little story in connection with this might be given here; the author of this vouches for the truth of the following, which occurred a few years ago on a reserve in Alberta: "One day,

is more than prompt in establishing a quarantine, and in cases of such a nature in the North-West the Royal Northwest Mounted Police are also prompt in rendering efficient aid. A perusal of the Department's blue book will show in detail how thorough and efficient the Indian medical attendance is and how careful the Department is in looking after the health of the poorer class of redskin.

So far as human foresight can predict, it is safe to state that, inside of a very few years, the Indian of Canadian frontier days will have disappeared and, in his stead, will arise a good class of farmers, that will be of use, not only to themselves, but to the country in general, farming the lands and earning a living, or working at one of the severest trades they are taught at the schools; thus will the problem of the "white man's burden" be solved, and a good class of steady, industrious farmers or workmen will be evolved.

It has been the author's aim throughout the foregoing synopsis to omit all possible statistics, and so the subject is just touched upon; a study of the annual report will prove of interest to those at all interested in the welfare and progress of our Indians.

S. E. SANGSTER.

TAKING one thing with another, Russia has not got so much the best of the bargain as it appeared in the first announcement of the peace arrangements. Japan could not afford to appear as a heathen nation fighting for blood-money and territory, and the diplomatic easing of the situation not only placed Russia in a position of swinish obstinacy, but left the Japanese plenipotentiaries in the attitude of courteous gentlemen who did not mind waiving \$1,000,000 of indemnity and other extraordinary material advantages in order to promote peace and stop the killing of tens of thousands of human beings. M. Witte will be recognized by Russia as a diplomat of surpassing power, and as he more than any other Russian represents the people, his influence both with the Czar and those who are to constitute the mock parliament, will be overwhelming. At the same time Japan's place as one of the great powers is assured. Her army has been demonstrated to be invincible and her navy mistress of the Oriental seas.

THE attempts of the telephone people to get public sentiment on their side and chloroform the newspapers at the same time is an interesting development of how corporations can win out when they are entirely in the wrong. It must seem strange to the readers of daily papers that the press is so much more actively engaged in arousing public sentiment favorable to corporations than in guarding the privileges of its readers. Nothing is too transparently untrue for the ordinary newspaper to publish as an advertisement, and if the advertisement be large enough the publisher is generally willing to editorially supplement the distortions of the advertiser. Nothing is more obvious than that the telephone proposition should be in the hands of the people who use it. People who telephone are not idiots or they would be in an asylum. To suggest that they are incapable of running the small concern which gives them communication with their neighbors is to cast a slur on those who buy their groceries and pay their rent and taxes and insurance without having a company to supervise these small domestic operations. It is doubtful if the Telephone Company has been trying to make itself appear to be a philanthropic institution, or to excuse its incursions into the rights of individuals. It has been successful in neither. If we cannot manage our telephone business without the aid of the Bell Telephone Company we are certainly an incapable set. That it does anything for us that we cannot do for ourselves is preposterous. It appears as if the education of those who are younger than people who would pretend to paternalize was all in the direction of making them playthings of corporations rather than units in organizations for their own good. The Telephone Talks have been failures except in the sense that these dabs of advertising have been so distinctly pasted on the editorial face that as soon as they cease the editors of the papers will assuredly express their opinions rather than be thought soiled envelopes thrown in the post-office so misdirected that they will go to the dead letter office.

THE attitude of the Asiatic mind is really the peril to which the Anglo-Saxon is being subjected. How this strong and beautiful method of thought is being applied to world-making is what we desire to know. Last week I published a long communication from Mr. Barakatullah, who certainly understands the Asiatic situation. The communication which appeared last week was original and addressed to myself; the one which I give below was addressed to the New York Sun, a paper neither insignificant nor purposeless, and I copy it as a continuation of the idea of making the Anglo-Saxon world informed of what and why we do things, and of what and why the world, the other part of the world, does things. It is evident the person that we do not quite understand is also thinking things and working out a problem which concerns himself much more definitely than it concerns us.

The Yellow Peril.

The Subject Discussed From the Point of View of an Intelligent Oriental.

To the Editor of the Sun: Sir, Mr. L. Feuillant's able exposition of the yellow peril and equally able elucidation of means to ward off the same, in your paper of yesterday, are as interesting as they are puzzling to an Asiatic mind. If the Orientals remain indifferent to Western institutions, they are called reactionaries and a hindrance to the general advancement of mankind. But, on the other hand, when they try to fall into line with modern progress, their action is deemed as tantamount to an impending danger to Europe and America.

It will be difficult, to put it mildly, for your correspondent to prove the existence of a single well organized, aggressive, religious, movement throughout Asia which may be characterized with the spirit of "anti-European activity." The Orientals' attitude so far has been merely defensive, and they have been, even in the absence of proper means, able to withstand the aggression of Christian missionary propaganda. There is, however, one religious movement originated in Persia, that has reached Europe and is making a considerable progress in this country. Its tenets are, however, to believe all the existing religions to be true in their origin, to forget all past animosities and to love all men as the children of the Most High.

He blames the powers for delegating men of science to teach the Japanese "to fashion the rods which to-day are turned against them." But he forgets the fact that whenever Europeans go to a new country they often go there under the pretense of civilizing the people of the country; there would be no markets opened for European manufacturers if the people did not acquire a taste for them. It is only possible in countries under direct European control to prohibit subjects races from learning modern sciences. But the Japanese, being free from foreign tutelage and remotely situated from Europe, could not very well be prevented by the powers from learning modern sciences. Moreover, the Europeans looking upon the Japanese, as they do on others of the Oriental peoples, as merely an inferior Asiatic race, permitted them to learn the result of modern discoveries and inventions.

The remedy suggested by Mr. L. Feuillant for the prevention of the yellow peril is more dangerous than the peril itself. He says that "the Old World and the New should form a close union to prevent, by every means Japan from becoming the educator of China; it must prevent at any cost China from becoming the provider of



"Sweet lips, whereon perpetually did reign  
The summer calm of golden charity."

—Tennyson.

for this year, indications all point to a greater increase for the present fiscal year.

The system of government and care of the Canadian Indians is, in brief, as follows: At Ottawa, the seat of the Dominion Government, is the Department of Indian Affairs, with dependent offices at Winnipeg, Manitoba, and Victoria, B.C. Then as each band enters into "treaty" with the Government, which practically means when they come directly under the care and tutelage of the Government in all matters pertaining to their lands, sale and rental of same, mode of living and education and, in short, in all matters dealing with their welfare, they are placed on reserves, set aside for this purpose, each reserve directly under the supervision of an "Indian Agent," and several of these reserves are grouped together under an Inspector. There is a medical officer at or near each of these "Agencies," and also, in most cases in the North-West, a "farm instructor," who teaches them how to farm properly.

The Department is gradually, but surely, bringing about its avowed object, namely to teach the Indian ways by which he may become independent, making a living by farming, cattle-raising, carpentry, shoemaking, etc. Consumption, that fell destroyer, yearly claims many Indians as its prey, but a splendid medical force is now employed and a strong and skilled fight is being waged against that and other diseases partial to them. There are many schools for Indian children, divided into three classes, Industrial, Boarding and Day schools. These schools are built, some by the Department and some by the various religious denominations in Canada. The children are taught, in addition to the English language, arithmetic, spelling, drawing, etc.; how to farm; sow seed and harvest it; also boot-making, plastering, baking, and, in short, all the many common trades that may be used as a means of obtaining a livelihood. Something worth noting in the education of the Indian child is that he is different from the white in many respects. His perception is quicker, but he cannot reason well; for instance, he is a good architect and can sketch and draw well, but is slow in arithmetic and such subjects where reasoning is required. A great deal more could be said about Indian education, but space will not permit details being given; a full treatise may be found, however, in the Department's annual report. The whole thing may be summed up in that the Department's sole object is to educate the Indian in a way that will be of the

upon the prairie, after considerable persuasion, an Indian was induced to go to work cutting hay. He hitched his two horses to his mower, climbed into the seat and commenced to cut the grass. The sun, never overpoweringly hot in this far north, came out warm and comfortable. The Indian enjoyed it and continued cutting. As the day proceeded his enjoyment increased until it became overwhelmingly comfortable. He stopped cutting and got down from his seat to enjoy himself in ease and comfort in the long grass. After a short time spent thus a gopher, with its usual inquisitive, bobbed up, chirped at the mower and curiously watched the Indian, who, in return, watched the gopher. The chance to kill something aroused his natural instincts and his indecision vanished as mist before the sun. Cutting the gopher off from his retreat, he went after it with all his might and main. In, out and around the mower he chased the little gopher until he saw a chance, when swift went his whip; the horses, scared at the sound of the whip, dashed off, cutting hay at a terrific rate till the mower struck a large rock, when horses and machine were tossed into a tangled heap. Once more inertia came upon the redskin; easily, coolly, he watched the destruction of his fifty-dollar machine; slowly walking over to the wreckage, he succeeded in freeing the horses and, tossing the harness on the top of the ruined mower, went home to rest. He felt the loss of the gopher but did not care in the least degree about his mower being totally wrecked. However, the Indian is now beginning to learn the value of farming implements and takes good care of them.

The present medical system is, possibly, the best that can be devised. There are some two hundred doctors, either regularly appointed officers of the Department or else authorized to attend when required; these doctors are under the supervision of the Chief Medical Officer, with headquarters at Ottawa. This staff is putting up a grand fight against that arch enemy, tuberculosis, and also the many lung diseases that seem to irresistibly attack the Indian. In spite of the wilful indifference and ignorance that the Indian displays regarding disease, the medical staff are slowly but surely winning out and each year gaining ground against these diseases, and it is becoming apparent to the Indians each year that it is wise to heed the commands and advice of their medical attendant. Occasionally there is an outbreak of smallpox on a reserve, but in such a case the Department

men for Japan. Japan must be confined in her sphere." This betrays the same psychology which led Russia, France and Germany in 1895 to intervention and to deprive Japan of the fruits of her victories. He overlooks, it seems, the baneful effect of that unfortunate act of the three allies that has been the real cause of the present war in the Far East.

If the European powers and America were to combine (which is beyond the pale of practical politics) against China and Japan, as he suggests, the result would be that the instinct of self-preservation would bring about a close union between the two. To harbor the idea of revenge is not the monopoly of the French people alone.

It seems strange indeed that Mr. Feuillant, in the face of recent events in the Far East, should, in the capacity of Peter the Hermit of modern times, excite the passions of the Old World and the New to a crusade against the Mongolian races and urge on the powers "the establishment of a guardianship over China; the limitation of her land and sea forces; a permanent occupation proportional to the forces of the occupiers; an international council to direct internal and external affairs." To carry this colossal programme into effect could not be but through a war before whose magnitude the Russo-Japanese war would sink into insignificance. All this is to be done in order that Europe and America should preserve their predominance in Asia, "or else they will be driven out of it forever." Why should Europe be predominant in Asia forever, one might ask? Is there any crime, moral or natural, if Asia, like Europe, be inhabited by independent nations?

It is a curious thing that nations like individuals never learn a lesson through the experiences of others. The Europeans, since they have attained wealth and destructive weapons, have arrogated to themselves a title of superiority over the rest of mankind, as if the Brahmins in their palmy days did not look upon others as *malichas* (unholy), the Persians upon the Arabs as "the eaters of the camel's milk and of lizards," the Romans upon non-Romans as barbarians, and the Arabs in their turn upon other nations as *ajums* (wretches). It was the economic conditions—the few patricians dominating over the multitudes of plebeians—that necessarily brought about the downfall of the former in every cycle. The European domination in Asia causing misery to millions is bound to have a similar ending.

The only way to avert the yellow peril is to recognize Orientals as human beings entitled to be free and live on the produce of the earth that produces enough for all and to spare. International trade is compatible with independence of nations, as between this country and European States. In fact, the richer and the more enlightened the nations the greater their interdependence and exchange of commodities.

MOHAMMAD BARAKATULLAH.

New York, August 29.

THE automobile seems just about to attain the height of its unpopularity in the rural sections of the province. Not more than two or three years ago a motor car was a remarkable rarity on an Ontario sideline. To-day scores of them tour the country and the point has now been reached when they are numerous enough to be considered dangerous nuisances but have not yet become ordinary vehicles, familiar alike to horse and driver. If a farmer sees an automobile passing his place in the morning just as his wife is about to drive to market, he is afraid all day to let her go because he knows "the old mare'll never pass that blamed thing." In a few years autos will be seen everywhere, and a new generation of country-bred horses will pass them by without notice. In the meantime the exercise of an ordinary amount of judgment by both chauffeurs and those who regard motors and motorists as a nuisance would prevent many accidents and much annoyance, and would alleviate the prejudice existing in rural districts against this mode of travel. There are times when a burst of speed is not especially dangerous, and the agitation for restrictions on motors in this and other respects would not be so widespread if their drivers were more considerate of the rights of others. Owners of automobiles should bear in mind that the folly of even a few careless chauffeurs may bring down the wrath of a whole community on motors all and sundry.

THE letter which includes another letter has an obvious value. Mr. Ashmead's opinion is not greater than yours or mine, but it is distinctive. When I saw the use that the Dominion fund was being applied to it struck me as quite apart from the purpose for which it was designed. We design our charities with a kindness and friendliness which

seldom seem to be realized in the working out of the project. For the officers of the navy we have no searching trouble, because they are fairly well paid and do not excite our desire for a betterment of a physical condition which seems somehow to overwhelm us when the naval situation is applied to our imaginings in regard to the man instead of the officer. To subscribe money for plate, for something that will shine on the officers' table, is not the instinct of Canada; what we desire is to better the condition of the man and be provocative of a better instinct in the nation—in short, we desire to better the man and not to exalt the officer. In this connection I think Mr. Ashmead's communication is worthy, and his letter and the enclosed letter are welcomed.

To the Editor of SATURDAY NIGHT:

Dear Sir,—Your fearless attacks in SATURDAY NIGHT on concerts and other attractions supposedly got up for charitable purposes cannot fail to meet with the approbation of all right-thinking people.

The week before the "fake" circus brought here by the "Elks" I wrote to a prominent daily paper denouncing the whole transaction (it was not inserted), the reason, as I afterwards heard, being that it might injure the cause it was advertised for; as events turned out would not have been the case.

I would now like to draw your attention to another matter which was extensively advertised by the newspapers as the "Dominion Library Fund," and which was also endorsed in the pages of SATURDAY NIGHT, and for that matter, by all patriotic people, as a graceful recognition of the latest addition to the British navy. I enclose a letter which was printed in the *News* of August 23rd, which as far as I know has never been answered by anyone in charge of the fund. I handed in the names of twenty-four subscribers, and could easily have made the number one hundred, but that the idea had got about that it was not the sailors but the officers who would benefit by the fund. This idea it seems is likely to be verified; between four and five thousand dollars have been collected and of that sum I do not see any mention made of what proportion is to be expended on the "library" which was to be such a boon to the sailors during their two years' cruise, but instead a description of various articles of plate to be manufactured in Canada to grace the "Officers' Mess."

This fund, it seems, has largely been swelled by subscriptions from the employees of the various banks of the Dominion, but none the less I think any diversion of the money from its original purpose is much to be regretted, and will tend to throw discredit on other enterprises of the sort however worthy the object may be.

Trusting that you will kindly give publicity to this and that it may be the means of throwing a little more light on what the committee in charge of the "Dominion Library Fund" really intend to do with the considerable sum at their disposal, I remain, dear sir, yours obediently,

HENRY A. ASHMEAD.

#### THE DOMINION FUND.

To the Editor of the *News*: Will you kindly allow me as a subscriber, and also as a collector (in a small way), of subscriptions to the "Dominion Fund," to make an inquiry as to what proportion of the fund is to be devoted to the purpose of a library for the sailors during their two years' cruise?

In your paper of Tuesday, August 22, I see mention made of a "shield for gunnery practice," a "large loving cup in gold and silver," and a "set of silver table decorations for the officers' mess." Is the omission of the library an oversight, or is the idea given up? While I and the majority of the subscribers would cheerfully donate a much larger amount for the purposes mentioned, there are others who, having given their money for a specific object, expect to see the advertised object of the fund carried out, and the library being secured would be perfectly willing for the balance to be expended otherwise. Perhaps the chairman of the Canadian committee would clearly cap this matter to the satisfaction of myself and others, for I know full well that in the event of a visit of the "blue jackets" to Toronto, the welcome would be not only to the officers of the fleet, much as they deserve it, but also to those "men behind the gun" who do the work."

HENRY A. ASHMEAD.

Toronto, August 23, 1905.



Mrs. A. H. Backus, M.D., of Aylmer, Ontario, gave a most interesting address in the Woman's Institute Tent, Exhibition grounds, on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Theobald Coleman has been in town this week and her famous blue Bedlington terriers were noticed by everyone at the dog show, receiving many a pat and kind word from the Toronto admirers of their clever mistress. Their kennel was done in green and gold in true Irish style.

Mrs. Salter M. Jarvis has been spending the vacation in Newfoundland, with her son Mr. Arthur Jarvis, who is in the Bank of Montreal at St. John's. Mrs. Jarvis and Miss Muriel Jarvis will spend the winter in Toronto, where Miss Jarvis will continue her musical studies.

Mr. W. B. Wells of Chatham, whose dogs took many prizes at the dog show, was in town early in the week, and left for home on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Ross have returned to their apartment at the St. George.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Totten, who have had Mr. Symons' house in Madison avenue for the summer, are removing thence on the 20th. Mr. and Mrs. Symons and their family will take up their residence at 98 Madison avenue immediately.

Mrs. George Might and her son, Kenneth, have returned from Petrolea.

Mrs. Allan Douglas (*née* Veale) and her daughter, Clarice, who have been in England for a year, are spending two weeks in Canada, visiting relatives in Close avenue, en route to their home in New Plymouth, New Zealand.

Dr. and Mrs. Westman of Spadina avenue, Mrs. John Pugley and her niece, Miss Macdonald, have been spending the last two months together in Germany.

A pretty wedding took place on Wednesday, August 30th, in St. Thomas's Church, Rev. H. McCausland officiating, when Mr. Frederick Haney of Strathroy and Miss A. M. Saul of Toronto were married. The bride, who wore her travelling costume of navy blue *voile de soie*, trimmed with green taffeta and passementerie, with hat to match, was attended by Miss Edythe M. Butler of Toronto, who wore navy blue taffeta and pale blue tulip chapeau. Mr. Leonard Armstrong of Waterloo was best man. Mr. George Darby played the wedding music and Miss Hazel Bell sang *O Fair, O Sweet and Holy* in her usual excellent style. The bridal tour was by boat down the St. Lawrence.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Henry Key of England arrived at Montreal last week to visit their son, Mr. H. H. Key, who is organist of a leading church at St. Thomas. Mr. Key spent some days in Toronto and is deeply interested in educational

matters, and Inspector Hughes has been most kind in giving him pointers, especially regarding the famous "fire drill" in our schools. The visitors also took in the Exhibition, which they enjoyed very much. Mr. Key is chairman of the Education Committee of the corporation of the city of London, and was for three years chairman of the Finance Committee of the London School Board, on which body he represents the city of London.

The Misses Foy of Balmy Beach have issued cards for a dance to be held on Thursday, September 14th.

The Misses Hilliard of Waterloo, who are on their way home from New York, are spending a few days at the home of Mr. Frank Manton and visiting the Exhibition.

A quiet wedding took place at St. Margaret's church, Toronto, on Thursday morning, August 31st, when Miss Helen Marr Hough and Mr. Albro Manning Thorne were married, Rev. J. F. Rounthwaite officiating. The bride wore a beautiful gown of blue-colored grandmother's silk trimmed with broadcloth and heavy lace, with hat to match, and carried a shower bouquet of cream roses. Her sister, Miss Margaret, was bridesmaid, and was gowned in a dainty costume of reseda green *crêpe velveteen* trimmed with messaline silk ruchings, panne velvet and linen-colored lace with lace hat, and carried a shower bouquet of cream roses. Mr. H. W. Pearson was best man. After the ceremony the bridal party returned to the home of the bride's parents, No. 6 Portland street, where a wedding *déjeuner* was served. The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome gold chain and sunburst pendant set with pearls, and to the bridesmaid a gold chain and cross. Mr. and Mrs. Thorne left on the 9:45 train for Buffalo, New York, Atlantic City and other Eastern points, and on their return will reside at 293 George street, where they will be at home to their friends after October 1st. The bride's going-away gown was of homespun overcheck cloth trimmed in darker shade of panne velvet and galloon braid, worn over mauve taffeta, with hat of white kid with cock feathers.

As usual, during Exhibition week, the social calendar suffers a partial eclipse, for everyone is liable to receive visitors at a moment's notice, and there are so many people stopping all over the city and hostesses are so preoccupied that any formal entertaining is hopeless. On Saturday evening Colonel Pellatt gave a very smart dinner for the officers of the 7th Regiment who were over from Buffalo, at which His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, attended by Major Macdonald, was present. Major and Mrs. Macdonald have been spending the summer at the home of Mrs. Macdonald's father, Mr. Lansing, at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mr. Douglas Young spent a short holiday with friends in Muskoka at the week-end.

Mr. Ernest Catianan has been spending part of his holidays with friends in Georgian Bay.

Mr. J. M. Sherlock, with Mrs. Sherlock and the children, returned to the city on Monday after spending two months at their camp near Kingston.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lila Moray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Moray of Brockville, to Lewis Rose of Nuevitas, Cuba.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Murch and Mr. Rechab Tandy have returned from their summer vacation, having enjoyed a two weeks' trip down the St. Lawrence, stopping at Quebec, Montreal, Kingston and the Thousand Islands.

Very pretty arrangements are being made by the ladies of St. Alban's Cathedral to welcome home the Bishop and Mrs. Sweatman on Thursday, September 14th. The people of the diocese are invited to be present and extensive preparations are going on for their reception. After the programme in the crypt the young ladies of the church are having refreshments in a large marquee on the tennis court, for which a small sum will be charged. Any tennis will go toward the extension fund. All wish their enthusiastic and deserving efforts much success.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edna May Sayers, daughter of the late Mr. J. T. Sayers of Hamilton and Mrs. Sayers, to Dr. Charles Hawkins Gilmour, son of Dr. J. T. Gilmour, warden of Central Prison, Toronto. The marriage will take place quietly early in October.

At high noon on Wednesday a very pretty event took place at Morrisburg, when Dr. Will C. Davy was united in marriage to Miss Blanche Isabell Hickey, eldest daughter of Dr. Charles E. Hickey, ex-M.P. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Philippa Hickey, and the groom's only brother, Mr. R. N. Davy, B.A., of Toronto, was best man. The bride, daintily gowned in *point d'esprit* over white taffeta trimmed with white satin baby ribbon, wore the groom's gift, a handsome Mercury wing brooch set with diamonds and pearls, and carried a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid wore a very pretty gown of white silk and Mrs. Hickey, mother of the bride, was elegantly dressed in gray figured silk; Mrs. Davy, mother of the groom, wore pearl gray *crêpe de Chine*. The groom's gift to the bridesmaid was a handsome solitaire pearl ring and to his best man a diamond scarf-pin. The numerous beautiful gifts to the bride and groom fittingly expressed the high esteem in which the young couple are held by all their friends and relatives. Among the guests from out of town were noticed Sir Mackenzie Bowell and his daughter, Mrs. McCarthy, Premier Whitney and Mrs. Whitney, Mr. A. Broder, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. Crawford of Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. James Clark of Renfrew, several of the bride's college friends and members of the Mikado Club, of which she was a popular member, among whom were Miss Gertrude Cook of Toronto, Mrs. Thom of Quebec, Miss Mabel Poupre of Montreal, Miss Gould of Smith's Falls, and Miss Lila Scott of Montreal, who played the wedding march; the bride's brothers, Mr. Charles G. Hickey of Montreal, Mr. R. E. Hickey of Winnipeg, and Dr. O. N. Leslie of Perth. After the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. William Howitt, B.A., B.D., assisted by Rev. A. E. Runnels, the wedding breakfast was served in a marquee upon the lawn. After the toasts were drunk and good wishes and congratulations extended to the happy couple they left for a two weeks' trip to Montreal, Boston and New York, and will return by Hudson River, Lake Champlain and St. Lawrence route to take up their residence in Morrisburg in their pretty home on the corner of High and First streets.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson of St. Margaret's College have returned from Elberon, New Jersey.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hooper of Napanee have been spending a few days with friends on the east side, and visiting the Toronto Exhibition.

Mrs. Lapham, (*née* Boddy), who has been visiting her mother in Winchester street, has returned to New York.

## FOOTBALL SUPPLIES

We carry the best English make of Rugby and Association Footballs made of selected hides only and hand-sewn throughout.

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Cor. King and Victoria Streets, Toronto.

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Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

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Handsome materials for Day and Evening Gowns.

**MILLINERY**

Smart Hats for early Fall wear.

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Ladies' and Gents' Walking Gloves.

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The La Grecque and Lattice Ribbon C. B. Corsets.

**PARIS KID GLOVE STORE**

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Telephone Main 888.

## Home-Coming

generally reveals a surprising amount of shabbiness in the house that was unsuspected before. Still more surprising will be the transformation of the shabby room when it has passed through our hands. We have many schemes of decoration to suggest and many beautiful designs in wallpapers and fabrics to show.

**Elliott & Son, LIMITED**  
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### Made in Canada

We have one of the freest and largest cutting shops on the continent. As well as supplying the very best quality, we save you the American manufacturers' profit and the duty.

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are invited to view our elaborate display of cut flowers.

**Dunlop's**

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While we show the ordinary styles of settings such as the Belcher, Snake, Tiffany, Rose, Gypsy and Crown, we devote special attention to the origination of new patterns. If you are tired of the one you have or if it in any way minimizes the beauty of your diamond allow us to sketch a suitable pattern for you. We have had great success in the past. As actual manufacturers we are able to charge and do charge very close prices. Our spacious showrooms and factory are open to visitors from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily.

**Wanless & Co.**

Established 1840.

168 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

## FINE Ladies' Tailoring and Gownmaking

New Goods  
— are arriving.

**Orders should be left  
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disappointment**

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**Fashion View**  
will soon be ready.

Send name for one now.

Established 1864.

**JOHN CATTO & SON**  
King Street—opposite the Post-Office.  
TORONTO

**LADIES—**  
**The Skirt Specialty Co.**



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Designers, Phone M. 3849

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IS YOUR SILENT REPRESENTATIVE BY WHICH STRANGERS JUDGE YOUR CHARACTER. AN UNATTRACTIVE PICTURE WHICH MISREPRESENTS YOU IS OF NO VALUE TO THOSE WHO KNOW YOU AND MISLEADING TO THOSE WHO DON'T. MY PORTRAITS BY PHOTOGRAPHY ARE ARTISTIC PORTRAITS, DEPICTING NOT ONLY THE FEATURES BUT THE CHARACTER.

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**Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Forbes**  
185 ROBERT ST. Phone N. 16

**From a Peak in Darien.**  
*The Adventures of Cockney Christopher, the Second Discoverer of America, as revealed by himself in a series of letters to his friends in England.*

DEAR OLD CHAPPIE—

Still Toronto, as you can see for yourself; and I think Toronto will suit. It's not so big as good old London, of course, but a fellow can bring it along a bit if he's got any sort of a "eadpiece on 'im. It's not great hexactly, but it's wot I calls promisin'. There's a race-course somewhere abait and a cricket grahnd. Wot's more the people look a bit of all right—oofy, toffy, and all that. I takes Alf ah to see some of the big abises; and I shows 'im where there was room to build more of the same kind, and I points out a tasty little moty (automobillies they calls them 'ere), and I

Toronto.

"Well," 'e hanswers, "I've bin sleepin' on somethin' too. You remember when we arrived at the stition 'ere in Toronto, you went and stood moonin' abait at the entrance ahnt." The hexit in I s'pose you means," sez I, "yus, I was meditating a bit on the steps." "Well," sez 'e, "I was talkin' with some fawmers." "Wot, those ragamuffins?" I hecualates. "Yus," sez 'e, "and one of them offered me a job at fifteen dollars a month the year round." "And you took it?" I arsts 'im downright hastomised. "No," sez 'e, "but I'm goin' to." "All," sez I, "now you mark my words, you've spoilt yourself. You've bin and gone and done it this time and no horror. Spoilt yourself, and there can be no two words abait it. 'Owever," sez I, "I'm not 'oldin' of you back. Pack your trunk and go. I'm off to get an evenin' piper and see who'll work for right 'ere in this very city. I can see you're not my class, and I washes my 'ands of you." And that very evenin' 'e went. Now wot do you thing of it, old bird? Can you blame me?

That evenin' I spots arf-a-dozen likely little jobs in the pipier, so I does myself up natty, brushes my 'air and goes rhind to the first. "Good evenin', sir," sez I to the boss. "Good evenin'" sez 'e, "wot can I do for you?" "I've come after this 'ere shippin' job," sez I, "any chances?" Selp me bob, Bert, old man, 'e looks me up and dahn, and 'e looks very a-at the cigarette I ad in my 'and, and 'e sez, "No, I think no chances." "Thank you," sez I, quite polite, and I goes ahnt. In goes to the next piece. "Wot chances?" "No chances!" Boss sniffs at my fig like the first one. Sime story at the third piece, and crikey, would you believe it, sime story at them all. Hobjected to my fig, I could see. They sniffed at it, and they looked at it, and they looked at me, and, selp me, looked back agine at the cigarette. Now wot do you make of that, old bird? A bloomin' lot of connoisseurs, thinks I to myself. I could see that much with 'art a eye. "Strike me blue," sez I to myself, "I'll get a better brand of cigarettes, something that no one could object to." And ahnt I goes and buys the best in the market, and now I smoke "Agonostopoulos Pure Unadulterated Imported Cigarettes" (I copied the name off the label and you can take it from me it's right) at 25 cents a box. So don't touch me, deah boy, as the Johnnies say at 'ome, keep soloof, doncherknow. To-morrow I'll try my luck agine, and if I strikes nothin' 'struth it won't be for want of a spiffin' cigarette. You'll 'ear from me soon 'ow I gets on.

I'm feelin' chirpy as ever and 'opes you're of the same wye of thinkin'. Best regards to all the lads.

Your friend,

CHRIS.

### Social and Personal.

Mrs. W. Roberts, St. Patrick street, has just returned home after spending some weeks on the lake near Grimsby Park and Jordan Harbor.

Dr. E. Herbert Adams, ex-commodore of Muskoka Lakes Association, returned to the city after an extensive canoe trip in some of the wilder parts of Muskoka and Georgian Bay.

Mr. Justice Benson, Port Hope, Mr. Selwyn Brown and Mrs. Jack Harmer, Winnipeg, who have been spending a few weeks at the Royal, returned to Port Hope on Saturday.

Mrs. W. Phillips and the Misses MacMillan of Oshawa are fishing at Cobonk.

Major and Mrs. Leigh have returned to town. I hear the latter is not at all in perfect health.

The following guests are registered at the Minnicogana-sheen: Hon. S. H. Blake, K.C.; Miss Baird, Miss Daisy Boulton, Miss Boulthee, Mrs. W. D. Beardmore and family, Miss Cory, Miss Elsie Gray, Miss Dillon Mills, Mrs. Rae, Miss Medland, Miss L. Ralph, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. H. Kerr and family, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Jones, Mr. H. F. C. Jones, Mr. G. A. Mackenzie and family, Mrs. Mandeville Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Ridout and family, Mrs. and Miss Rose, Mr. J. Fraser Macdonald and family, Colonel and Mrs. J. B. MacLean and family, Mrs. F. Plumb, of Toronto; Miss McKeand, Miss M. M. McKeand, of Hamilton; Miss Benson, Mr. K. Mackenzie, of St. Catharines; Mrs. J. H. Gingie and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Shanly, Mrs. C. Sterling, of London; Mr. Stuart Heath, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Gouinlock, Mr. Parkyn Murray, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Philip Barton, of Niagara Falls; Mr. and Mrs. J. Turrell, Mrs. R. W. Downing and son, Miss L. B. Price, Miss Corson, Miss West, Miss G. Marshall, Miss L. M. Hilliker, Mr. A. Lipman, Miss Pinckard, Miss E. M. Pinckard, Miss C. Pinckard, Mrs. Milton Clark, Miss Clarke, Miss Elsa Will, Miss Helen Newell, Mrs. H. P. Winter and family, Mr. J. Tappan and family, Mrs. Potter, Master John Black, Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Foley, Miss H. B. Davis, Miss E. B. Davis, Mr. E. H. Pendleton and son.

A happy incident occurred on the 24th ultimo at the head office of the Imperial Life Assurance Company, when Mr. W. G. Reburn, the accountant of the company, was presented with a handsome hall clock by the members of the head office staff. The occasion was the eve of his departure for Enniskeilen, Ireland, where his marriage took place on the 6th of September. He sailed on the *Campania* from New York on the 26th ultimo, and will return by the *Umbria*, leaving for New York on the 15th of September.

Miss Louie Strathy is visiting in England.

The following verses have been sent me, written by a Canadian boy residing in the States, where he seems to have a very healthy frame of mind:

### CANADA.

O Land of inspiration, sweetest spot in all creation,  
We love you, for we've made you what you are.  
Throughout all our grand Dominion,  
We will stand by our opinion,  
Our country can't be beaten near or far.

By a schoolhouse or church steeple  
You can always judge its people,  
And that is where old Canada does shine,  
For we stand for law and order  
From the inland to the border,  
In the land of the maple and the pine.

With its golden wheat fields gleaming,  
And all Nature sweetly beaming,  
As if it blessed the people living here,  
We thank the God above us  
For the way He seems to love us,  
And we'll hold the Maple Leaf forever dear.

—G. S. M.

Among the beautiful and interesting homes which Torontonians are getting into shape to their own individual taste, that now completed by Mr. and Mrs. W. Fleury in Bedford road is a fine specimen. These young people have gathered judiciously in their travels and the result is full of beauty, charm and comfort. Many good wishes for long years of happiness will be theirs from hosts of friends.

If there is one thing more than another which pleases the progressive spirits it is the new Art Gallery at the Exhibition. For the first time in the history of this city we have a half-decent place in which to hang pictures for public inspection—and some of the pictures sent out by English friends of Canada are worth going a long way to see. Of course the "Coronation" easily takes precedence on account of its historic interest. It is a wonderful piece of work. The Art Gallery has been at this year's exhibition a real uplifting and educational force and on all sides one hears grateful and appreciative comment.

Mrs. William Brinson of New York is at 70 Murray street, quite a favorite abode of United States visitors this season. Others who have been stopping there are Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Young of Brooklyn, Miss Shannon of New York, Mrs. Herd, Mrs. Quebecaux, Miss Holman and Miss Alice Holman of San Antonio, Texas.



Alf, I've some hadvice to impart to you.

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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**Codou's French Vermicelli**

The finest quality made—ask your grocer for it  
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Will be pleased to know that **Cook's Turkish Baths**, 202 and 204 King St. West, are making extensive alterations which will make it the most up-to-date Bath on the continent. Visitors to Toronto will find **Cook's Turkish Baths** a most desirable place to stay at during their visit.

**Open Monday, August 28**

Prices \$1.00. Night bath, including sleeping accommodation, \$1. Private room 50c. extra.

**Cook's Turkish Baths**  
202 & 204 King St. West  
Phone Main 1286



### EXHIBITION VISITORS

If there is a Certain Something

Which is widely admired and which has proved to have merit and value—and you really need that "Certain Something"—and there is only one place at which you can secure it. There's no use looking elsewhere, is there?

PEMBER'S NATURAL SCALP PARTING

is the outgrowth of Pember's experience and skill.

It is the greatest thing in HAIR GOODS ever brought to the public view. It quadruples the value of every article it is built into. You can see it and procure it only at the Store, and seeing costs nothing.

**The Pember Hair Emporium**  
127-129 Yonge Street

**DIAMOND HALL**  
**The Name of Diamond Hall**

After all there is much in a name—if it be as accurately descriptive as that of Diamond Hall.

Only one or two other jewelry stores on the continent carry so large a stock of Diamonds. Not one offers such price advantages to customers. Diamonds enter Canada duty free.

As sightseer or customer, you are always welcome at the new Diamond Hall.

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WE KNOW OF COLLARS SOLD IN CANADA AT 20c. EACH WHICH, IF YOU ARE GETTING AN HONEST EQUIVALENT FOR YOUR MONEY, YOU SHOULD BUY AT 2 FOR 25c. THEY ARE SOLD FOR THAT IN THE UNITED STATES, AND ARE NOT THE 20c VALUE.

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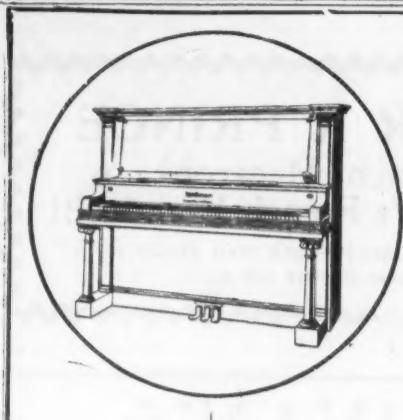
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Only skilled help employed. Telephone for appointment M. 1882.  
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We are not Faddists, following the extremes of fashion. Our first aim is to be Artistic—at the same time to be thoroughly up to date in all the newest ideas of House Decorating. We have everything that is made in Wall Papers, and some especially good things for drawing-rooms, halls, libraries and dining-rooms.

We are an (Old Established Firm) that recently opened in this city, and our expert advice is at our customers' service.

**R. IRVINE & SONS,**  
**575 YONGE ST., Toronto**

Phone N. 1632.



SOCIETY

THE Island season is on the wane. One more dance at the Yacht Club next Monday night will be given, I hear, closing a summer of unprecedented charm and enjoyment.

Several verandas and Island cottages have been given this week. On Wednesday afternoon a gay little company gathered at Oasis, Mrs. Janes Robertson's home on the breakwater, for tea, and to meet Mrs. Tylee, Mrs. Robertson's sister, who has been spending a short time at Oasis. Mrs. Tylee was greeted by old friends with great pleasure and is looking very well indeed.

Her son, Mr. George Tylee, is with her. Among those at the tea were Mrs. Hatfield of Mexico City, who has been spending the summer at her native place, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, and is here to place her son at Upper Canada College; Mrs. Lockhart Gordon, Mrs. and Miss Sophie Hagarty, Mrs. Frank Anglin, Miss Fraser, Mrs. Aemilius Jarvis, Miss Taylor of Montreal, Mrs. Morang, Mrs. Corbett of Cornwall, Miss Holland, who assisted Miss Robertson, and looked very pretty in lavender and white organdie; the Misses Sproule, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Porter, and several others.

The tea table was done with nasturtiums and dwarf yellow dahlias, and the veranda decorated with bulrushes and yellow flowers, and canopied with vines and silk hangings.

Mr. William Francis has gone to England, where he will join his relatives, Dr. Osler of Oxford and Mrs. H. C. Osborne, who is still abroad.

### Wedding Cakes

Perfect in Quality,  
Artistic in Appearance  
SENT ANYWHERE.

Our Catering for Weddings or any other entertainments always gives entire satisfaction.

AT YOUR SERVICE."

*Cole's*  
High Class Confectioners  
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### Soap Books

Each leaf sufficient for one wash.

### Perfumed Flannel

Used instead of perfume or sachet powder.

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### LIOLA CREAM

Not greasy like most creams, but readily absorbed.

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**King Edward Drug Store**  
No Key—Open all night.

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Underwear Specialists

We are sole agents for

### Dr. Jaeger's Underwear

Ask for new Price list and "Health Culture" free.

**Our Specialty** — Unbreakable, Undyed Shirt and Trousers, \$1.50 garment.

### TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Busby of Rochester, Mrs. Thomas Parke of Birmingham, Ala. The happy couple left on an extended tour before settling in New York.

Among those registered at Hotel del Monte, Preston Springs, are Messrs. J. A. August, H. T. Richmond, A. C. Stevenson, Miss McWilliams, Mrs. C. S. Boone, Messrs. J. C. Smith, J. H. McGregor, C. S. Boone, Miss Gorman, Miss S. E. Cole, Messrs. S. W. McKeown, W. E. McWilliams, J. D. Coulter, J. W. Houston, Mrs. J. D. Ridout, Miss Mary Cary of Toronto, Mr. Samuel Argue of Midland, Mrs. Osborne, Miss Osborne of Hamilton, Mr. E. M. Sippewee of St. John, N.B., Mr. R. C. Cryster of Waterloo, Mr. E. A. Erb of Berlin, Mr. and Mrs. R. Denton of Blenheim, Mrs. William Friedlander of Brooklyn, Mr. Robert Kennedy of Lindsay, Captain and Mrs. McFarland of Fort Leavenworth.

The Canoe Club's fall regatta and At Home are on this afternoon at the club house. The races begin at half-past two and the usual dance and refreshments will be part of the festivities.

#### Tourists—Travelers.

The most convenient way to carry funds is by Travellers' Cheques. Value in dollars with equivalents in foreign moneys stated on each. No discount. Efficient identification plan issued by Dominion Express Co., Wellington and Yonge streets. Money orders, foreign cheques, travellers' cheques, letters of credit, etc.

The use of electric light is becoming so general for house lighting in Toronto that it seems almost unnecessary to demonstrate the many beautiful effects which may be had by the use of electric lighting in the home. The Electric Light Company find, however, a very good purpose is being accomplished by having the art show rooms in their office building in Adelaide street east, thrown open to the public. It is their intention to have an exhibit of the latest things in electric fixtures there in order that Toronto people may have the benefit of a large variety of beautiful pieces to select from. Their wish is that everyone who takes an interest in the artistic and beautiful should call and see their display.

Miss Bessie MacMurchy left on Monday for New York to begin her course of study as a trained nurse in New York Hospital. She had not intended leaving here until October, but was sent for a month earlier, giving her little or no time to say goodbye to Toronto friends who will so heartily wish her every success.

The Cedars, the beautiful old home of the late Archibald Campbell, near Colborne, was in gala attire on Wednesday, September 6th, for the wedding of Miss Blanche Isabella Campbell and Mr. George B. Henwood of Wetaskiwin, N.W.T. The ceremony was performed in the Lakeport Presbyterian church, which was beautifully decorated by friends of the bride, and the officiating clergy were Rev. P. M. Duncan and Rev. Chancelor Burwash, uncle of the groom. The bride, who looked exceedingly lovely in her wedding robes, entered the church on the arm of Mr. Mossom Boyd of Bobcaygeon, her cousin, and her sister, Miss Jean Campbell, attended her as bridesmaid. Mr. James S. McLean was best man, and Messrs. Charles P. Henwood and Arthur Griffis acted as ushers, the wedding music being played by Mr. Morton Jones, organist of St. Philip's church, Toronto. After the ceremony a reception was held at the Cedars, when the house and lawn were filled with invited guests, the bright costumes of the ladies uniting with the natural beauties of the scene to make a delightful picture. Besides the Colborne friends, who included Hon. W. A. and Miss Willoughby, Mr. and Mrs. Larke and the Misses Larke, Miss McTavish, Miss Grace McTavish, Mrs. Deans, Mrs. Strong, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. and Miss Dewey, Mrs. Merriman, a large number of friends were present from outside points. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. J. B. O'Brian, Miss Madeline O'Brian, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Henwood, Mrs. and Miss Furby, Port Hope; Miss Rose Davidson, Toronto; Miss Rita Wilson, Smith's Falls; Mrs. W. Grant Neill, Toronto; Miss B. De Grassi, Chicago; Mrs. (Judge) Ketchum, Cobourg; Miss Katherine Moore, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Mossom Boyd, Mr. G. Cush Boyd, Bobcaygeon.

Mr. Linton, of England, has been in town, a guest at the King Edward, for a short time.

Mrs. Tylee is returning with her son to Montreal immediately. Mrs. Hatfield of Mexico City, a very lovely and charming sojourner in Toronto, is also leaving at once to meet her husband in New York and return to Mexico City by water.

Mrs. Crease is still with her daughter, Mrs. Montgomery, down east, and Mrs. Montgomery is recovering her strength after her recent serious illness.

Rev. Provost Macklem of Trinity College is at the Synod in Quebec and will be home on Monday.

Mrs. W. C. and the Misses Matthews spent a very enjoyable summer in France and other parts of the Continent. They attended the unveiling of the remarkably virile statue of Jacques Cartier at St. Malo this summer, which was the occasion of quite a gathering of Canadians there.

Mr. and Mrs. Maybee have taken the house in Beverley street formerly occupied by the late Waring Kennedy, and are settling there. Mrs. Maybee will receive later on.

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Busby of Rochester, Mrs. Thomas Parke of Birmingham, Ala. The happy couple left on an extended tour before settling in New York.

Among those registered at Hotel del Monte, Preston Springs, are Messrs. J. A. August, H. T. Richmond, A. C. Stevenson, Miss McWilliams, Mrs. C. S. Boone, Messrs. J. C. Smith, J. H. McGregor, C. S. Boone, Miss Gorman, Miss S. E. Cole, Messrs. S. W. McKeown, W. E. McWilliams, J. D. Coulter, J. W. Houston, Mrs. J. D. Ridout, Miss Mary Cary of Toronto, Mr. Samuel Argue of Midland, Mrs. Osborne, Miss Osborne of Hamilton, Mr. E. M. Sippewee of St. John, N.B., Mr. R. C. Cryster of Waterloo, Mr. E. A. Erb of Berlin, Mr. and Mrs. R. Denton of Blenheim, Mrs. William Friedlander of Brooklyn, Mr. Robert Kennedy of Lindsay, Captain and Mrs. McFarland of Fort Leavenworth.

The Canoe Club's fall regatta and At Home are on this afternoon at the club house. The races begin at half-past two and the usual dance and refreshments will be part of the festivities.

**Tourists—Travelers.**

The most convenient way to carry funds is by Travellers' Cheques. Value in dollars with equivalents in foreign moneys stated on each. No discount. Efficient identification plan issued by Dominion Express Co., Wellington and Yonge streets. Money orders, foreign cheques, travellers' cheques, letters of credit, etc.

The use of electric light is becoming so general for house lighting in Toronto that it seems almost unnecessary to demonstrate the many beautiful effects which may be had by the use of electric lighting in the home. The Electric Light Company find, however, a very good purpose is being accomplished by having the art show rooms in their office building in Adelaide street east, thrown open to the public. It is their intention to have an exhibit of the latest things in electric fixtures there in order that Toronto people may have the benefit of a large variety of beautiful pieces to select from. Their wish is that everyone who takes an interest in the artistic and beautiful should call and see their display.

Miss Bessie MacMurchy left on Monday for New York to begin her course of study as a trained nurse in New York Hospital. She had not intended leaving here until October, but was sent for a month earlier, giving her little or no time to say goodbye to Toronto friends who will so heartily wish her every success.

The Cedars, the beautiful old home of the late Archibald Campbell, near Colborne, was in gala attire on Wednesday, September 6th, for the wedding of Miss Blanche Isabella Campbell and Mr. George B. Henwood of Wetaskiwin, N.W.T. The ceremony was performed in the Lakeport Presbyterian church, which was beautifully decorated by friends of the bride, and the officiating clergy were Rev. P. M. Duncan and Rev. Chancelor Burwash, uncle of the groom. The bride, who looked exceedingly lovely in her wedding robes, entered the church on the arm of Mr. Mossom Boyd of Bobcaygeon, her cousin, and her sister, Miss Jean Campbell, attended her as bridesmaid. Mr. James S. McLean was best man, and Messrs. Charles P. Henwood and Arthur Griffis acted as ushers, the wedding music being played by Mr. Morton Jones, organist of St. Philip's church, Toronto. After the ceremony a reception was held at the Cedars, when the house and lawn were filled with invited guests, the bright costumes of the ladies uniting with the natural beauties of the scene to make a delightful picture. Besides the Colborne friends, who included Hon. W. A. and Miss Willoughby, Mr. and Mrs. Larke and the Misses Larke, Miss McTavish, Miss Grace McTavish, Mrs. Deans, Mrs. Strong, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. and Miss Dewey, Mrs. Merriman, a large number of friends were present from outside points. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. J. B. O'Brian, Miss Madeline O'Brian, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Henwood, Mrs. and Miss Furby, Port Hope; Miss Rose Davidson, Toronto; Miss Rita Wilson, Smith's Falls; Mrs. W. Grant Neill, Toronto; Miss B. De Grassi, Chicago; Mrs. (Judge) Ketchum, Cobourg; Miss Katherine Moore, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Mossom Boyd, Mr. G. Cush Boyd, Bobcaygeon.

Mr. Linton, of England, has been in town, a guest at the King Edward, for a short time.

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"Patron—Have you Gory Ike's Last Hold Up?"

"Clerk—No; but we have something just as good."

"Patron—I want something just as bad."

## The Face of the Poor

By  
Margaret  
Collier  
Graham.

**M**R. ANTHONY attached a memorandum to the letter he was reading, and put his hand on the bell. "Confound them!" he said under his breath, "what do they think I'm made of?"

A negro opened the door, and came into the room with exaggerated demeanor.

"Rufus, take this to Mr. Whitwell, and tell him to get the answer off at once. Is any one waiting?"

"Yes, suh, several. One man's been there some time. Says his name's Burson, suh."

"Send him in."

The man gave his head a tilt forward which seemed to close his eyes, turned pivotally about, and walked out of the room in his most luxurious manner. Rufus never imitated his employer, but he often regretted that his employer did not imitate him.

Mr. Anthony's face resumed its look of prosperous annoyance. The door opened, and a small, roughly dressed man came toward the desk.

"Well, here I am at last," he said in a tone of gentle apology; "I suppose you think it's about time."

The annoyance faded out of Mr. Anthony's face, and left it blank. The visitor put out a work-calloused hand.

"I guess you don't remember me; my name's Burson. I was up once before, but you were busy. I hope you're well; you look hearty."

Mr. Anthony shook the proffered hand, and then shrank back, with the distrust of geniality which is one of the cruel hardships of wealth.

"I am well, thank you. What can I do for you, Mr. Burson?"

The little man sat down and wiped the back of his neck with his handkerchief. He was bearded almost to the eyes, and his bushy brows stood out in a thatch. As he bent his gaze upon Mr. Anthony it was like some gentle creature peering out of a brushy covert.

"I guess the question's what I can do for you, Mr. Anthony," he said, smiling wistfully on the millionaire. "I hasn't done much this far, sure."

"Well?" Mr. Anthony's voice was dryly interrogative.

"When Edmonson told me he'd sold the mortgage to you, I thought certain I'd be able to keep up the interest, but I haven't made out to do even that; you've been kept out of your money a long time, and to tell the truth I don't see much chance for you to get it. I thought I'd come in and talk with you about it, and see what we could agree on."

Mr. Anthony leaned back rather weakly.

"I might foreclose," he said.

The visitor looked troubled. "Yes you could foreclose, but that wouldn't fit it in. To tell the truth Mr. Anthony, I don't feel right about it. I haven't kep' in the place as I'd ought to; it's been running down for more'n a year. I don't believe it's worth the mortgage to-day."

Some of the weariness disappeared from Mr. Anthony's face. He laid his arms on the desk and leaned forward. "You don't think it's worth the mortgage?" he asked.

"Not the mortgage and interest. You see there's over three hundred dollars interest due. I don't believe you could get more'n a thousand dollars cash for the place."

"There would be a deficiency judgment, then," said the millionaire.

"Well, that's what I wanted to ask you about. I supposed the law was arranged some way so you'd get your money. It's no more'n right. But it seems a kind of a pity for you and me

to go to law. There ain't nothing between us. I had the money and you the same as loaned it to me. It was money you'd saved up again old age, and you'd ought to have it. If I'd worked the place and kep' it up right, it would be worth more, though of course property's gone down a good deal. But mother and the girls got kind of discouraged and wanted me to go to peddlin' fruit, and of course you can't do more'n one thing at a time, and do it justice. Now if you had the place I expect you could afford to keep it up, and I wouldn't wonder if you could sell it; but you'd have to put some ready money into it first, I'm afraid."

Mr. Anthony pushed a pencil up and down between his thumb and forefinger, and watched the process with an inscrutable face. His visitor went on:

"I was thinking if we could agree on a price, I might deed it to you and give you a note for the balance of what I owe you. I'm getting on kind of slow, but I don't believe but what I could pay the note after a while."

Burson got up and started out. Then he turned and stood still an instant.

"Of course I mean to tell mother about the deed," he said; "I wouldn't want you to think—"

"Oh, certainly, certainly," acquiesced Mr. Anthony, with an almost violent waving of domestic confidence. "Good afternoon, Mr. Burson." He whirled his revolving chair toward the desk with a distinct air of dismissal, and picked up the package of papers.

After the door closed he sat still for some time, looking thoughtfully at the mortgage; then he made a memorandum in ink, with his signature in full, and attached it to the document. Rufus opened the door.

"Mr. Darnell and two other gentlemen, suh."

The millionaire set his jaws. "Show them in, Rufus. Damn it," he said softly, "damn it, why can't they be honest?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Do you mean to tell me, Erastus Burson, that you deeded him this place, and gave him your note for two hundred and fifty dollars you didn't owe him?"

"Why, no, mother; didn't I explain to you there'd be a deficiency judgment?"

"Well, I should say there was. But if anybody's lackin' judgment I'd say it was you, not him. The idea! Why, he's as rich as cream, and you're as poor—"

"Well, he's being rich and you're being poor hasn't got anything to do with it. Mother; we're just two men trying to be fair to each other, don't you see? You and the girls wouldn't want me to be close-fisted and overreaching, even if I am poor. I think we fixed it up just as near right as a wrong thing can be fixed. Of course I don't like to feel the way I do about Edmonson, but Mr. Anthony don't seem to lay on anything again him, and he's the one that has the right to. Edmonson treated him worse than anybody ever treated me. I don't know just how I'd feel toward a man if he'd treated me the way Edmonson treated Mr. Anthony."

Mrs. Burson laid the overalls she was mending across her knee in a suggestive attitude.

"I don't call it close-fisted or overreaching to keep a roof over your family's head," she argued; "if the place isn't ours I suppose we'll have to leave it."

Burson looked relieved. "Then I'll straighten this up with you, after all," he said.

Mr. Anthony whistled noiselessly.

"Well hardly. He considers it straightened."

Burson turned his old hat slowly around between his knees.

"He's a fair-skinned man, Edmonson; I kind of think he'll square it up, after all," he said hopefully. "Anyway, it doesn't become me to throw stones till I've paid my debt."

The hair that covered the speaker's mouth twitched a little in its effort to smile. He glanced at his companion expectantly.

"Could you come out and take a look at the place?" he asked.

Mr. Anthony slid down in his chair and clasped his hands across his portliness.

"I believe I'll take your valuation, Burson," he answered slowly. "If I find there's nothing against the property but my mortgage, and you'll give me a deed and your note for the interest, or say, two hundred and fifty dollars, we'll call it square. It will take a few days to look the matter up, a week perhaps. Suppose you come in at the end of the week. Your wife will sign the deed?" he added interrogatively.

Burson had leaned forward to get up. At the question he raised his eyes with the look that Mr. Anthony remembered to have seen years ago in small creatures he had driven into corners.

"Mother didn't have to sign the mortgage," he said, halting a little before each word; "the lawyer said it wasn't necessary. I don't know if she sh'd—"

Mr. Anthony broke into his embarrassment. "Let me see." He put his hand on the bell.

"Ask Mr. Evert to send me the mortgage from Burson to Edmonson assigned to me," he said when Rufus appeared.

The negro walked out of the room as if he were carrying the message on his head.

"Mother doesn't always see things just as I do," said Burson; "she was willing to sign the mortgage, though," he added. "Only she didn't need to; she wanted me to get the money of Edmonson."

He put his hand into his pocket, and a light of discovery came into his face. "Have a peach," he said convivially, laying an enormous Late Crawford on the corner of the desk.

Mr. Anthony gave an uncomprehending glance at the gift.

"Hain't you got a knife?" asked Burson, straightening himself and drawing a bone-handled implement from his pocket. "I keep the big blade for fruit," he said kindly, as he laid it on the desk.

Mr. Anthony inspected the proffered refreshment with a queer, uncertain smile; then he took the peach from the

desk, drew the wastebasket between his knees, opened the big blade of the knife, and began to remove the red velvet skin. The juice ran down his wrists and threatened his immaculate cuffs. He fished a spotless handkerchief from his pocket with his pencil and mopped up the encroaching rivulets. His companion smiled upon him with amiable relish as the dripping sections disappeared.

"I erigated 'em more than usual this morning," he said. "It doesn't help worth more, though of course property's gone down a good deal. But mother and the girls got kind of discouraged and wanted me to go to peddlin' fruit, and of course you can't do more'n one thing at a time, and do it justice. Now if you had the place I expect you could afford to keep it up, and I wouldn't wonder if you could sell it; but you'd have to put some ready money into it first, I'm afraid."

Rufus came into the room, and bore down upon the pair with deferential disdain. Mr. Anthony gave his fingers a parting wipe, and took the papers from the envelope.

"I've all right, Burson," he said after a little; "you needn't mind about your wife's signature, I'll risit. Come back in about a week, say Thursday, Thursday at ten, if that suits you. I'll have my attorney look into it."

Burson got up and started out. Then he turned and stood still an instant.

"Of course I mean to tell mother about the deed," he said; "I wouldn't want you to think—"

"Oh, certainly, certainly," acquiesced Mr. Anthony, with an almost violent waving of domestic confidence. "Good afternoon, Mr. Burson." He whirled his revolving chair toward the desk with a distinct air of dismissal, and picked up the envelope.

"I'd feel better satisfied if you'd drive some time and take a look at things," said Burson to his creditor during one of these visits: "you'd ought to get out of the office now and then for your health."

"Maybe I will, Burson," replied the capitalist. "You're not away from home all the time?"

"Oh no, but I spose Sunday's your day off; it's mine. Mother and the girls generally go to church, but I don't. I tell 'em I'll watch and they can pray. I can't very well go," he added, making haste to counteract the possible shock from his irreverence: "there ain't but one seat in the fruit-wagon, and when the women folks get their togs on, there's about all that can ride. Come out any Sunday, and stay for dinner. We mostly have chicken."

"Well, he's being rich and you're as poor—"

"Well, his being rich and you're being poor hasn't got anything to do with it. Mother; we're just two men trying to be fair to each other, don't you see? You and the girls wouldn't want me to be close-fisted and overreaching, even if I am poor. I think we fixed it up just as near right as a wrong thing can be fixed. Of course I don't like to feel the way I do about Edmonson, but Mr. Anthony don't seem to lay on anything again him, and he's the one that has the right to. Edmonson treated him worse than anybody ever treated me. I don't know just how I'd feel toward a man if he'd treated me the way Edmonson treated Mr. Anthony."

"Well, now, this is something like!" he exclaimed. "Got a hitching-strap? Just wait till I open the gate; I believe I'd better take your horse inside. There's a post by the kitchen door. My, ain't he a beauty!"

Burson led the roadster through the gate, and Mr. Anthony walked by his side. When the horse was tied the two men went about the place, and Erastus showed his guest the poultry and fruit trees, commenting on the merits of Plymouth Rocks and White Leghorns as layers, and displaying modest pride in the condition of the orchard.

"I've kep' it up better this year. The rains come along more favorable and the weeds didn't get ahead of me the way they did last winter. Look out, there!" he cried, as Mr. Anthony laid his hand on the head of a Jersey calf that backed awkwardly from under his grasp. "Don't let her get a hold of your coat-tail; she chased mine to a frazzle the other day; the girls pet her so much she has no manners."

When the tour of the little farm was finished the two men came back to the veranda, and Erastus drew a rocking-chair from the front room for his guest. It was hung with patchwork cushions of "crazy" design, but Mr. Anthony leaned his tired head against them in the sanest content.

"Now you just sit still a minute," Erastus said, "and I'm a-going to bring you something you hain't tasted for a long time."

He darted into the house, and returned with a pitcher and two glasses.

"Sweet cider!" he announced, with a triumphant smile. "I had a lot of apples in the fall, not big enough to niddle—you know our apples ain't anythin' to brag of—and I just rigged up a kind of hand-press in the back yard, and now and then I press out a pitcher of cider for Sunday. I never let it get the least bit hard; not that I don't like a little tang to it myself, but mother belongs to the W.C.T.U., and it'd worry her."

He darted into the house again, and emerged with a plate of brown twisted cakes. "Mother usually makes cookies on Saturday, but I can't find anything but these doughnuts. Maybe they won't go bad with the cider."

He pointed his guest a glass, and Mr. Anthony drank it, holding a doughnut in one hand, and partaking of it with evident relish.

"It's good, Burson," he said. "May I have another glass and another doughnut?"

His host's countenance fairly shone with delighted hospitality as he replenished the empty glass. There were crumbs on the floor when the visitor left, and flies buzzed about the empty plate and pitcher as Mrs. Burson and her daughters came up the steps.

"Mr. Anthony's been here," said Erastus cheerfully. "I'm awful sorry you missed him. We had some cider and doughnuts."

The three women stopped suddenly and stared at the speaker.

"Why, Paw Burson!" ejaculated the elder daughter, "did you give Mr. Anthony doughnuts and cider out here on this porch?"

"Why, yes, Millie," apologized the father: "I looked for cookies, but I couldn't find any. He said he liked doughnuts, and he did seem to relish 'em; he eat several."

"That awful rich man! Why, Paw Burson!"

The young woman gave an awestricken glance about her, as if expect-

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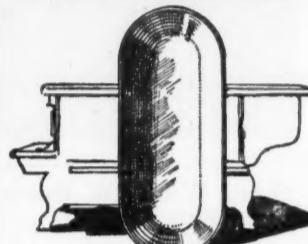
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ing to discover some lingering traces of what.

"Doughnuts!" she repeated helplessly. "Why, Millie," faltered the father, mildly aggressive, "I don't see why being rich should take away a man's appetite; I'm sure I hope I'll never be too rich, to like doughnuts and cider."

"Didn't you give him a napkin, paw?" queried the younger girl.

"No," said the father meekly, "he had his handkerchief. I coaxed him to stay to dinner, but he couln't; and I asked him to drive out some day with his wife and daughter—he hasn't but one—they lost a little girl when she was seven."

The man's voice quivered on the last word, and died away. Mrs. Burson went hurriedly into the house. She reappeared at the door in a few minutes without her bonnet.

"Erastus," she said gently, "will you split me a few sticks of kindling before you put away the team?"

Mrs. Burson was fitting a salad-green bodice on her elder daughter. That young woman's efforts to see her own spine, where her mother was distributing pins with solemn intentness, had dyed her face a somewhat unnatural red, but the hands that lay upon her downy arms were much whiter than those that hovered about her back. A dining-table, bearing the more permanent part of its outfit, was pushed into a corner of the room, and covered with a yellow mosquito-net, and from the kitchen came a sound of crockery accompanied by an occasional splash and a scraping of tin. Now and then the younger girl appeared in the doorway and gazed in a sort of worshipful ecstasy at her sister's splendor.

"Do you think you'll get it finished for the Fiesta, maw?" she asked, between deep breaths of admiration. Mrs. Burson nodded absently, exploring her bosom for another pin with her outspread palm.

Her husband came into the room, and seated himself on the edge of the red lounge. His face had a strange pallor above the mask of his beard.

"You're home early, Erastus," she said; then she looked up. "Are you sick?" she asked with anxiety.

"Mr. Anthony is dead," Burson said huskily.

"Dead? Why, Erastus!" Mrs. Burson held a pin suspended in the air and stared at her husband.

"Yes. He dropped dead in his chair. Or rather, he had some kind of a stroke, and never came to. It happened more than a week ago. I went in to-day, and Rufus told me."

Mrs. Burson returned the pin to her bosom, and motioned her daughter toward the bedroom door.

"Go and take it off, Millie," she said soberly. She was shamefacedly conscious of something different from the grief that stirred her husband, something more sordid and personal.

"It hurts me all over," Burson went on, "the way some of them talked in town. They looked queer at me when I said what I did about him. I don't understand it."

"I guess there's a good many things you don't understand, Erastus," ventured the wife quietly.

A carriage stopped at the gate, and a young woman alighted from it, and came in the walk. Erastus saw her first, and met her in the open doorway. She looked at him with eager intentness.

"Is this Mr. Burson?" she asked gently. "I am Mr. Anthony's daughter."

Mrs. Burson got up, holding the scraps of green silk in her apron, and offered the visitor a seat. Erastus held out his hand, and tried to speak. The two faced each other in tearful silence.

"I wanted to bring you this myself," the girl faltered, "because—because of what is written on the outside." She held a package of papers toward him. "I have heard him speak of you, I think. Any friend of my father must be a good man. We want to thank you, my mother and I."

"To thank me?" Erastus questioned, "to thank me! You certainly don't know!"

"I know you were my father's friend," the girl interrupted; "I don't care about the rest. Possibly I couldn't understand it. I know very little about business, but I knew my father."

She sat up, holding her head high in grief-stricken pride, and gave her hand to her host and hostess.

The younger Burson girl emerged from the kitchen, a dish-towel and a half-wiped plate clasped to her breast, and watched the visitor as she went down the path.

"Her silk waist doesn't begin to touch Millie's for style," she said pensively, "and her skirt doesn't even drag; but there's something about her."

"Yes," acquiesced Mrs. Burson, "there is something about her."

Erastus sat on the edge of the old red lounge, looking absently at the papers.

"In the event of my death, to be delivered to my friend Erastus Burson," was written on the package.

His wife came and stood over him.

"I don't know just what it means, mother," he said; "there's a deal, and my note marked 'Paid,' and a lot of two-bit and four-bit pieces. I'll have to get somebody to explain it."

He sat quite still until the woman laid her large hand on his bowed head. Then he looked up, with moist, winking eyes.

"I don't feel right about it, mother," he said. "I wish now I'd dropped in oftener, and been more sociable. It's a strange thing to say, but I think sometimes he was lonesome; and I'm sure I don't know why, for a kinder, gentler man I never met."—*The Atlantic Monthly.*

Some time, dear heart, when your sun is shining,  
Where only the clouds can be seen to day,  
And you've ceased your gloomy and sad repining,  
For the might have beens of yesterday,  
Oh then remember, and pray for me,  
For I, too, sing Life's threnody.  
—V. J. Warren.



A SLIGHT MISTAKE

#### Should Women of Means Earn Money?

By Jane Carr.

**N**ON the face of a recent educational issue, a question is agitating itself not only in the minds of those directly interested, but in the minds of those who think upon the subjects that touch the welfare of every member of the community. It is a question raised by the problem of supply and demand in all the departments open to the female wage-earner, the demand that is to be justly and fairly met by the efforts of the toilers that are forced upon the world for their own support.

That woman has come to the front in the battle of competition is due not so much to her love of labor as to the necessity that throws her upon her own resources, a necessity due to the changed social and economic conditions of to-day. Doors once closed are now open to her, and slowly but surely she is taking her place side by side with the real wage-earner.

But the recognition of her ability is still balanced by a tolerance that does not fully concede a perfect equality, and that accepts her work in the light of an inferior production. In the same field of achievement a man receives a greater recompense, and results are still judged by sex rather than by impartial merit.

It is therefore plainly seen that twice the amount of energy is demanded from the woman, and her weakness and inability to cope with difficult and trying situations find small consideration in the struggle where prejudice gives her a secondary position.

And now comes a competitor twice more formidable than the man against whom the toiling woman and frail girl have been pitting their strength, and the rival is no other than a member of their own sex, a rival equipped with the assurance that comes with an existence of comfort and well-being.

The rich woman has entered into the arena, and for the sake of recreation, diversion or pocket money, matches her robust health, well-fed body and easy mind against the poorly nurtured, half-developed, worried and overburdened portion of the ill-paid strivers that labor for the daily bread.

Almost every department we find women that have homes not only of comfort but of luxury; women with fathers and even well-salaried husbands; women without a care or a burden, and yet animated by a spirit little short of greed. A liberal education has fitted them to earn easily and without effort the "pin-money" that vanity squanders upon the trivial, and that unthinking selfishness puts out of the reach of real and deserving poverty. What chance has a poor girl in the race with a well-groomed aspirant? With the unruffled serenity who brings to the day's work a serene brow and untroubled mind? And what gives to the deserving the harassed and careworn expression but the anxiety that comes with the uncertainty of desirable position? Rich women with talent are not denied recognition or even a display of their talent, but they should be prevented from selling their wares to the cost of those who are in absolute need.

Obtaining and filling a position is a very different thing from putting the results of one's brainwork upon the market. The invention, the book, the picture, that are bought, not because of the creator or inventor, but because of intrinsic worth unaffected by extrinsic conditions, for, after all, nuptial refusal or acceptance is the standard that determines merit.

In determination to legislate for such a changed condition of affairs there is a clear ethical distinction to be drawn between the needy and the abundantly supplied. It is fully in the moral right of legislators to regular and investigate all future cases about which there is the slightest doubt. Little can be said to nullify the conduct of the woman that ruthlessly obtains her desire at the sacrifice of another human being's very right to live, and until people can be stimulated to a sense of personal duty

to one's own kind, there can be little improvement in the great industrial problem that is perplexing the thinkers of the times.

#### An End of Dancing.

Time was, a few brief lustres back, When in the many damsels' dance, Ere I had grown supine and slack, It was my purest joy to prance

The whole night long, Returning with the milkman's matin song.

My waist was relatively slim, And to the waltz's amorous flow None brought a lustier turn of limb, A lighter, more fantastic, toe;

Merely to sit and watch my mobile feet. But now the jumping movement jars Upon a frame maturely stout;

When I've borne a dozen bars I find my wind is giving out; Wheeze; I puff; I tell my partner I have had enough.

And while I undergo repair, And she, impatient, paws the ground, I ask myself what brought me there, Why should I go careering round,

Hustled hot. And talking unimaginable rot?

Dear Joan (contemporary flame) Is now a fixture by the wall; And Joan the Second, with the same Red hair that held my heart in thrall,

Has not, I see, Inherited her mother's taste for me!

Such, roughly, be the reasons why At 10 p.m., replete with food, When o'er a pipe my pensive eye Betrays the after-dinner mood,

I loathe to rise Andirk myself with choric exercise.

Ah, Ladies, you whose halls of light Lament the dearth of dancing males, Have pity! Though my heart is right, Think of the solid flesh that quails!

Ask me no more To pound with ponderous foot the shining floor!

And you, Terpsichore, the One I wood the most of all the Nine!— Now that my palmy days are done, Now, ere my drooping powers decline

By further slumps—

To you I dedicate these pious pumps!

—O. S.

Stronger Than Meat.

A Judge's Opinion of Grape-Nuts.

A gentleman who has acquired a judicious turn of mind from experience in the bench out in the Sunflower State, writes a carefully considered opinion as to the value of Grape-Nuts as good. He says:

"For the past five years Grape-Nuts has been a prominent feature in our bill of fare.

"The crisp food with the delicious nutty flavor has become an indispensable necessity in my family's everyday life.

"It has proved to be most healthful and beneficial, and has enabled us to practically abolish pastry and pies from our table, for the children prefer Grape-Nuts and do not crave rich and unwholesome food.

"Grape-Nuts keeps us all in perfect physical condition—as a preventive of diseases it is beyond value. I have been particularly impressed by the beneficial effects of Grape-Nuts when used by ladies who are troubled with face blemishes, skin eruptions, etc. It clears up the complexion wonderfully.

"As to its nutritive qualities, my experience is that one small dish of Grape-Nuts is superior to a pound of meat for breakfast, which is an important consideration for anyone. It satisfies the appetite and strengthens the powers of resisting fatigue, while its use involves none of the disagreeable consequences that sometimes follow a meat breakfast." Name given by Postum Co. Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

#### ITEMS OF INTEREST

Great archaeological discoveries have been made in Mashonaland, South Africa, between the Limpopo and Zambezi Rivers, where several scientists sent at the expense of the British Government have unearthed a whole city containing temples and fortifications in a fine state of preservation. It is said the discoveries give the impression of civilized people who must have existed at least three or four thousand years ago. The inhabitants knew the use of metals, and articles of iron, copper and gold are among the discoveries.

A lawsuit which makes Jarndye vs. Jarndye seem like a summary proceeding is still pending in Spain, and is probably the longest suit in point of time in the history of the world. The case, which is between the Marquis de Viana and the Count Torres de Cabral, began in 1517, and arose out of a dispute over a pension. The sum in controversy would have reached fabulous millions had not four centuries of attorneys, barristers and court officials taken considerate and effectual measures to prevent its attaining unwieldy proportions.

The gunmaker of Essen is a woman, a young woman, and the richest woman in Europe. She is Miss Krupp, daughter of the famous Herr Krupp, whose death occurred some years ago. Essen exists because of the Krupp gun works, and practically all its 100,000 inhabitants are dependent on her for their work, directly or indirectly. Pretty she is said to be—she is the richest girl in Europe; clever, it is declared—still the richest girl in Europe; wise beyond her years—again, the richest girl in Europe; simple and unostentatious in her demeanor—remember, the richest girl in Europe; and she is to be introduced to society under the direct patronage of the Kaiser and Kaiserin. Perhaps more interesting than her wealth is the fact that by refusing to sell arms to several nations, Miss Krupp could insure their good behavior for a while. They would not know where to go if guns were site to cut off their credit.

"The opium used for smoking is an after preparation," said Dr. J. R. Anderson. "It is the result of a putrefied process, by which the irritating matter is got rid of, and only the soothing and soporific qualities remain. This smoking opium, or chandu, is got by intense heat, and requires much care in the process. The men who prepare it are said to be in a perpetual state of cerebral exaltation from the fumes of the boiling opium. The drug is so precious that the very paper through which the chandu is strained is carefully preserved, as is the bowl of water in which the workman from time to time washes his hands, and the refuse, consisting of charcoal and salts of opium. The refuse is smoked by the poor who cannot afford chandu. It costs them half price. When smoked it leaves a second residuum, called by the Chinese samshing, which is mixed with arrack and drunk by the very poorest, who cannot go without their drug and yet cannot afford its price."

War has been robbed of much of its romantic side, and in these days when death-dealing machines reign supreme men who go to war need be more courageous than those who fought in the days of old, when enemies faced one another in the open. The naval man has more ground for fearing the hidden dangers than those afloat which meet the eye. Submarine boats, and mines, and torpedoes are calculated to test the nerves of the most courageous. All the ingenuity of inventors of warlike machines seems to be directed towards attaining a weapon which not only deals destruction in a wholesale manner, but with the smallest chance of disclosing its location. The latest weapon is the Humbert gun, a French invention. It makes no flash or noise, and is warranted not to recoil, whilst it discharges projectiles, each of which contains 250 shot, at the rate of 1,200 an hour. Four miles from this gun a regiment of 1,000 wooden men was stationed. The gun shot at the dummies for a minute, and almost every wooden man was found to be hit.

"Birds suffer more than man from the mosquito," a naturalist said. "Frequently the mosquito can't get at man, but birds he can always get at. The male mosquito is harmless. He never stings. It is the female who does all the mischief. Male and female alike live through the winter. After the mosquito's egg is first hatched, the creature that issues forth is called a wriggler. The wriggler lives in water, in marshy pools, in the puddles and the ooze of low-lying meadows. He is like a tiny snake, and he must come to the surface to breathe. Hence kerosene as a mosquito exterminator. Ladle out kerosene on a pool of water and two tablespoons will spread until they cover effectively fifteen square feet. This oily covering is as tight-as-a skin. If there are any wrigglers in the water under it they must die, they must smother. Some think mosquitoes feed on blood alone. This is a mistake. If a mosquito can't get human blood or bird blood or animal blood, it subsists on plants and feeds on their juices. How I wish we could convert the mosquito to an exclusive use of this vegetarian diet!"

Recently a Parisian has visited America who has the trained eye of the realist. He sees us as we are, has some understanding of what we wish to be, and bears no malice toward his entertainers—rather a rare thing, by the way. M. Jules Huret is the name of this intrepid gentleman, whose book *From San Francisco to New York*, published in English, is reaching Americans through translations published in a daily newspaper. One of his brilliant letters has been devoted to Dowie the Incomparable, and while Dowie has sharpened the point of many a satiric pen, never has he been set forth in all his amazing

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## Lady Gay's Column

SOMETIMES, of nights, just as I am falling asleep, I wonder what the fearless woman is doing now. She may be in Switzerland or Germany or the hospital or the morgue, for she is a fearless woman of vast possibilities. We discovered her, Billie and I, one wet afternoon at sea, as we strolled about the dingy, slippery deck in search of fresh mischief. She was batless, and the rain was making her scant hair stringy and unlovely; her strong-lined face was set in a sad pucker of valiant resignation; she looked lonely and friendless and pathetic, with a strong pathos, however, which suggested that she stood in the rain because she wanted to. Said I to Billie, "See that poor old dame? Let's take her for a walk." So we sidled up to her, and gently slipped a hand under either arm, and remarked with a nerve developed on shipboard, "We've come to take you for a constitutional" and away we went. The old traveller may have been too surprised or too embarrassed or too indignant to speak, for she simply walked, while we told her stories, and showed her porpoises and enlightened her as to the various things one puzzles over aboard ship. She was as bright as a dollar about comprehending the log, the steering gear, the bells and so forth, nodding her head at Billie's yarns and smiling the slow, quiet, humorous smile of threescore and over at some of our salutes and jokes. When we had enough of her we placed her on the same spot we found her, and to Billie's winning smile and gracious question, "May we take you again to-morrow?" the old lady nodded and smiled mysteriously and said, "Perhaps." Then she seemed to gather herself up and added: "My opinion of you two is that you are a pair of clowns" which reduced Billie and me to shouts of laughter, much to the curiosity of our fellow passengers.

As the voyage proceeded, we cultivated the fearless woman and became hugely interested. Figure to yourself a maiden of over threescore, who all her life of toil and trial and sorrow and care had been possessed of a burning desire to "see things," but had been tied to a little Canadian town bounded by a small business, many vicissitudes and scores of years of waiting, suddenly becoming possessed of the whereabouts and the chance to spend it in "seeing things." She wanted to do Italy and Switzerland and the Rhine and London and Paris. Indeed, I don't feel sure that the land of the Midnight Sun wasn't on her itinerary. Billie and I used to retire to secluded parts of the boat and marvel at her, but she never seemed to doubt her triumphant progress and her safe return before Christmas to that small Canadian town. She spoke only English, and that with great force and deliberateness. We enjoyed her every day with increasing gusto. Others, seeing our glee, made up to her, but received scanty encouragement. She regarded herself as our special find and found us all-sufficient. She would pat a certain fat pocket, ambushed somewhere, and suggestively chinking and jingling would say recklessly: "Here's my best friend, a bag of gold sovereigns." We implored her to be discreet else someone would separate her and that best friend some dark night, and she promised, in a genial manner, merely to oblige us. The last evening aboard, Billie found her sitting on one of her boxes, telling her beads, and quietly weeping, because at last some idea of the abject loneliness before her seemed to have reached her brave old heart. The comfortings of Billie can be passing sweet, and the tears were soon dried, and early next morning we saw the last of her, good old soul, driving off in a four-wheeler to look at lodgings in London. Often since that morning I have wondered how she has won through, and where she is, for of all the temerity I've collided with in the course of a long experience there has been nothing so daring, so reckless, so fascinating in possibilities as that of the fearless woman.

Just to break her in, as it were, Billie and I took her a jaunt to Trouville, prettiest of French seaside towns, and told her weird tales of possible adventures, and gave her to understand that an indiscreet look or word would land her in a flirtation with some reckless Frenchman, who might be susceptible to *les beaux yeux de sa cassette*. And her pretense of believing us and her demure side glances were quite too delightful. Almost tragic was it to see her attempted precipitate flight from the picture gallery at Havre when she came face to face with a gentleman done in marble who had dispensed with clothing of any description. She was honestly shocked, and to our weak and faltering assurances that she'd see lots worse than he in Italy she said severely: "No, I shan't, for I won't look at 'em." And I am doubtfully wondering if she does look, or if she runs away in Italy as she tried to do in Havre! It is more than likely that when Billie and I go to see her, some time next winter, as we've solemnly promised to do, she will meet us with the same silent nod, and that we shall never know how much or how little she has received for her bagful of golden sovereigns. But we shall pump her very patiently, for her experiences will surely make rare telling, and perhaps if she tells her heads regularly and doesn't slap her pocket too obviously, she may keep out of the morgue and other damp, unpleasant places!

A certain burden was laid upon my soul during a recent home voyage. It was the burden of the unknown emigrant. He and she were of many sorts and conditions, and it was a case of the come-ups and the come-downs with every variation necessary for desperation and pathos. "I am going to Algoma," said a fine-looking but not very wine young man. "It's some miles west of Quebec or Montreal, I forget which."

Another was going to look about in Winnipeg, and if nothing turned up he was (not going to turn it up himself) coming down to Toronto to see how things were. When one realized the comfortable, methodical and sedate life which was the past of the tall, quiet, soft-voiced emigrant, a life of top-hat and frock coat and church parade and five o'clock tea, one felt like labelling him back to London in a most arbitrary fashion. Or did one feel sufficient interest in the pair who had seen better days and would probably see worse ones, or the bright capable little widow who was pluckily facing an unknown continent, and who will be the treasure of some kitchen yet or I'm mistaken, or the vulgar little Cockney, who, being remonstrated with upon certain curious habits, burst out with the statement that "English could 'old' their own and she wasn't going to be put upon by a set of Canadians," one could scarcely help a tremor and a sort of apprehension for these people, with their carelessness or mistaken or vulgar ideas about life on this side of the sea. But there was only one voice from high or lowly about Canada as we sailed up the great gulf and entered the St. Lawrence, with such a sky and such a sun and such a scene of sweet dignity and quaint picturesqueness as surely never are seen elsewhere. "Magnificent," "lovely," "grand," were the words one heard on every side. The French, the English, the Scotch, the Irish, the Welsh, joined in these raptures, and even we, to the manner born felt that the imperial river was surely never so fair before. There was a royal storm in the distant country, but it rolled by and we were spared; there were sunsets which one could not miss, though eatables and appetite tempted, and pretty little towns, and by and by a lordly steamship catching us up, strain from the Irish Guards' band floating from her decks as she passed us with fine scorn, and not so much as a whistle to our slower and surer craft. For she of the music and the luxury lies to-day with a hole in her "tummy" just about the same part of the river where we envirously watched her giving us her swell, while our old soberness is pegging stoutly across the herring-pond to Havre, the hare and the tortoise in affairs afloat!

A certain enthusiastic lady resident on the Island was getting up a fete for some favorite object. Provisions, etc., were being sent across by the ferry, and at the same time a number of ten-foot bamboo rods were in transit for the support of the Yacht Club's decorative flags for the Battenberg festivities. An inquisitive passenger asked one of the deckmen, "What are these things for?" referring to the bamboo poles. "Well, those," said the deckhand, who knew not French as she is pronounced, "are to decorate Mrs. —'s feet!"

LADY GAY.



RETORT COURTEOUS.

*Smythe*—Don't you believe me? *Smythe*—Yahs, dear boy, I believe you. But if I told you that yarn I would not ask you to—aw—believe me!

Lazy Man Avoids Holland.

The man who is too lazy to work keeps out of Holland if he is wise, or makes his escape as soon as he discovers that there, at least, a means has been found to make him work. When a prisoner or pauper refuses to work he is lowered into a cistern, which is provided with a pump at the bottom. A stream of water is turned on, and the water is left to his own devices. The capacity of the pump is but slightly in excess of the stream flowing into the tank, and to keep his head above water he must keep pumping.

As he, he spends some little time before he finds that the water is slowly creeping upon him. He is not urged to go to work, but presently he takes his place at the handle and begins the task.

By working quickly he is able to clear out the water after a short time, but he has to keep at work if he wishes to keep dry feet. There have been occasions when a stubborn offender has refused to pump and has quietly floated upon the water until fished out by the keeper, but this simply doubles his task, and he is not taken from the water until he is able to keep afloat no longer.

*Nell*—It's an opal ring Mr. Cheapside gave me. *Belle* (examining it)—Er—do you like it? *Nell*—Yes, but there's an old superstition, you know. I'm afraid it will bring me bad luck. *Belle*—Don't worry. The worst this could bring you would be an imitation of bad luck.

## The American Husband.

By the Lady Helen Forbes.

There once was a lady who said that she wished for her daughter as the best experiences which life has to offer a woman, "An Irish lover and a Scotch husband." Now why should she not have said an American husband? Individual women may have a prejudice in favor of their own countrymen north, south, or east, and like choose to mate with like; but man for man the American is the best husband all the world over.

The American towards women is the most chivalrous man in existence. Where other men cast themselves as maid, he looks on himself as a beggar man, he looks on himself as a being a man and woman as a queen. He is also of all men the most unselfish. An English husband regards himself as the head of the house and the womanfolk merely as ministering to his needs and pleasures; but in an American *ménage* it is the man who toils by the sweat of his brow to provide his wife and daughters with whatever they may choose to desire. On the American man are avenged all the wrongs which the sex has ever suffered or could possibly suffer; and he takes his lot weekly, thankful that a bright and beautiful being should deign to glorify his name by wearing it in the eye of the world. He does not want to obtrude the details of his own sordid existence on the attention of the bright and beautiful being; he is content with the unobtrusive rôle of her banker.

Now the hundredth woman wants to share the life of her husband. She would rather toil up the ladder of fame and riches with him, step by step, hand in hand, than sit ever so gloriously on the top watching him bird's-eye-wise on his painful upward journey; she would rather know all the hopes and fears, the ups and downs, and bear half their burden than that he should keep them from her even for her good. She wants to take half of what makes his hair gray and his heart heavy as well as half what makes his eye confident and his step light. Prosperity to her needs the sweetening of past and overcome adversity.

But the ninety-and-nine other women prefer only to divide the spoils of war, or if possible to appropriate the whole of them. They do not want worries and troubles and vicissitudes which spoil their looks and their digestions. And from the point of view of abstract justice they are quite right. If they are not responsible for the ups and downs and fluctuations, why should they bear the anxiety of them? Woman was meant for the lighter side of life, for the sun, for all things joyful and pleasant; she should always be gay and debonair, turning a smiling face on the world, the smile of natural overflowing joyousness, not the rigid smile of which pride masks bitter pain. The kind of husband who will provide the atmosphere in which a woman can flourish as nature intended is the best husband she can find. As to the other sort of woman—well, she is only one in a hundred.

This is the husband that America grows. He asks little and therefore, of course, receives it. Perhaps he would like more, but he is generous. His aim is to make his wife happy first and foremost; afterwards perhaps she will deign to throw him a crumb or two from her table. This is a jewel of a husband compared with the man to whose happiness and convenience the wife is the perpetual living sacrifice.

The Americans have revised the marriage service (which indeed was sadly in need of editing). I do not know if they have deleted the word "obey," but they have certainly dispensed with the practice. An American woman has one law, which is that of her own desires; and an American husband has one wish, that she should gratify them.

Men are what women make them, and the American husband is the American woman's handiwork. She can be proud of him, for she has made him very well.

Now and then, spoilt by her good fortune, she may compare him to men of other nations to his disadvantage; she may be dazzled by personal beauty or by the glamor of historic names in either man; she may fancy he cuts a poor figure beside the sparkling epigrammatist or the war-haloed soldier. But she should ask herself if she would have to drag half over the world in the most uncomfortable manner possible with the soldier; to hear the epigrams and witty sayings in the course of construction, to pale, a half-extinct star, beside the effulgence of an Adonis; or to be the mere unconsidered pendant of a coronet, rather than to reign supreme, the queen of the hive, with an amiable working bee in the background asking nothing better than to take the whole burden of the sordid side of life on his own shoulders so that hers may never bend beneath its weight.

In other words, she should reflect whether she is the hundredth woman or one of the comfortable ninety-and-nine who want good things, and by force of wanting nothing else generally get them. For one of these women, she may enjoy being made love to by a Celt or a Latin, who will probably do it delightfully; she may cast an occasional regretfully admiring eye on the physique of a Teuton or the half-Oriental filaments of a Slave; but if she wants the substance of happiness and not the shadow she will marry the American.

Lord Russell's Story.

Lord Russell of Killowen was rather fond of telling the following:

An Irish girl was taking a walk with a young Irish priest and a son of Lord Charles, one on either side of her. They were talking of some renowned English beauty, and the girl made a disparaging remark about her countrywomen, saying that beauty had died out in Ireland since the English conquest.

"I don't think it has died out altogether," said the young priest. "I fancy I have seen beauty in this country fully equal to any you can find across the channel; but that, Frank," he added, slyly, looking at his male companion, "is between you and me." —London *Tit-Bits*.

## Correspondence Column

The above Coupon MUST accompany this correspondence to observe the following rules. Letters must be typed or written in ink, in a clear, legible hand, and must be at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not name themselves or the address. Correspondence Columns are not studied when accompanied by coupons.

SEMPER FIDELIS—A short word is the rule to-day, for there is ever such a pile waiting. October 29, Scorpio, water sign, great and powerful. The Army, I should fancy, would suit your style best. Ambition, snap, care, love of display and approval, and a generally smart and rather able sort of person. You should succeed.

NORAH—Something very well worth while, indeed. It isn't a hopeful nor buoyant person, but a very forceful and, I think, recuperative one, not easily abashed or kept down. Temper good, mind bright, and aim generally sensible. Disposition isn't matter-of-fact, plenty of imagination, and decided cleverness, probably in artistic work. Aries, (April 2), fire sign, inspiration, leadership, talent and original thought. Some taste for the occult which may be indulged beneficially. A good development shown.

LILLIAN—You have enough optimism and imagination to counteract some January weaknesses. January 6, Capricorn, an earth sign. Methodical, opinionated, sometimes prejudiced, self-willed, sensitive, and sometimes gloomy; You are practical and good-tempered; should make a fairly valuable trained nurse, reliable and conscientious. Also a good "home-maker," if not too set in your own way.

ISABELLA FROM RUSSIA—All right, my good soul. Your sentiments do you honor. Your writing shows honest, generous, frank and very simple tastes with some love of appearances, and a certain desire for approbation honestly deserved. You are not logical nor particularly consistent in argument, but your tone is fine and your force of purpose and tenacity good. I think you are a bit of an idealist. You appreciate beauty and probably art also, and you have still enough ambition to make life interesting.

DOMINI—it is an ill-balanced hand, one liable to make one or two mistakes in life and suffer much from them. I think the writer has probably capacities above the common, and would meet the world with caution. There is an unduly strong streak of obstinacy and a purpose not easily balked for good or evil. The impulse is unreliable and general tone a bit puzzling. Writer could easily do unwise things, has a strong animal nature and but little inspiration. The judgment sometimes err and penalty will surely follow.

JESSIE M.—September 11, Virgo, an earth sign, very kindly and interested in humanity when well developed. Likely to be successful home-maker; practical, perceptive and optimistic, adaptable, good-tempered, full of your own concerns, a fairly good business head, explicit and decided, companionable, loquacious, contented and somewhat brainy. Very best wishes for your happiness in new home.

UNHAPPY ANNIE—December 3, Sagittarius, a fire sign. Your fire seems a bit smoky, my girl; open the drafts and clean the flues. Sure no one can have it bright with everything shut down! Do you understand me? How to overcome self-mistrust? Reflect what a really grand and great being you are, part of the Omnipotent, some day to achieve perfection, to-day to rise over all temporary and tiresome troubles if only you determine to do so. Those circumstances you mention are only tests of your mettle. No circumstances can hinder the growth of a soul.

LECKUARY—is that your name at all? Yes, those emigrants must largely pervade the atmosphere over West. Your writing is honest, frank and not very finished, and your ideas seem a bit hazy on some subjects. We work in the East, my girl, and hard, too, though not perhaps in your way. Imagination, original fancy, perseverance and inspiration, fair discretion and a good deal of sentiment appear.

FLORENCE G.—So very sorry. These delays! Well, your subject matter was certainly apropos. September 29, Libra (the Scales), an air sign. Variable temperament, bright and original though, generous, somewhat exacting, a mistrust of others, care for details, clever method and tone, practical but not extra firm purpose, a generally plausible, tactful and ingratiating manner, affection and very good self-preservation and esteem are indicated in your lines.

NATURE—Pessimism is born in some people, and lack of harmony may not be innate but forced upon one from outside influences. October 10 (same as Florence G.). Your writing is still forming, a fairly worthy study, lacking inspiration and generally rather commonplace. Time and experience are all you need, I fancy.

K. F. D.—See "Weary Willie" for Aquarius sign. You are also developing fairly well, and should succeed. February 13 is a capital date to live up to.

WEARY WILLIE—February 5, Aquarius, an air sign, full of possibilities, but careless of them in many instances. Aquarius people can become wonders if they take the care and interest necessary to development. There is great sentiment, some susceptibility, cheerfulness and buoyancy, ambition and ability, good logic and practical methods, fair discretion and some enterprise, adapt-

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ability, detail, egotism, taste for beauty and harmony, somewhat crude but promising, smart but not cultured. What do I think of it? It's pretty nearly all right and you can easily make it quite so.

Roasting the Scrocher.

"Madam," said the stern judge, "you are accused of violating the city ordinance by running your automobile at the rate of forty seven miles an hour. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Mrs. Watters Stockton, the proud society queen, raised her chin high in the air and her eyes flashed as she replied, in a voice as cold and firm as though she were giving orders to her butler, "Guilty."

"Madam," said the judge, "you are the first woman who has faced me for scorning, but that fact does not affect me in the least. Nor do I care because your husband is worth \$50,000,000. And I am informed that you are worth \$30,000,000 in your own name. Madam, the size of your fortune does not interest me in the least. Nor will it cause me to treat you more leniently than if you were a woman arrested for stealing bread for your starving children. You sped down a crowded street, and, worst of all, just as the children who had been dismissed from a neighboring school were crossing that crowded thoroughfare. You endangered not only men and women, but the defenceless children, and I shall treat you with as much severity as though you were a man. You are fined \$10 and costs."

\$1.75 to \$



## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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TORONTO, CANADA, SEPT. 9, 1905

No. 44

## The Drama

HERE is at the Princess Theater this week a show of considerable gorgeousness and magnitude, *Humpty Dumpty*, and although the stage is rather small it gives Toronto theatergoers a good idea of what a Drury Lane pantomime is the spectacular effect, the beauty and grace of the performers, and the color schemes and beauty of the costumes. In all these things *Humpty Dumpty* is far ahead of any show before presented in Toronto. Particularly beautiful are the various scenes in the second act with their tinted lights and glittering dresses. Graceful, too, are the aerial flights of the Grigolatti troupe when they sweep through the air like beautiful birds. Many of the songs are good. *Man, Man, Man*, sung by Frank Moulan; *Texas Dan, Pussy and the Bow-wow*, and *Mexico*, etc., all meet with considerable applause, and taken all round *Humpty Dumpty* is good and should be very successful.

• • •

Hanlon Brothers' *Fantasma* is being produced at the Grand Opera House this week and as a pantomime is quite good, many brilliant scenic effects, humorous situations and weird mechanical changes being introduced. A very efficient company of acrobats and pretty girls present the play. Mr. Fred Hanlon as *Prio* is particularly good. Mr. Ralph De Haven, Mr. George Hanlon, Miss Clara Thropp and Miss Lorle Palmer are all clever and play their parts very effectively.

Marshall P. Wilder heads the bill at Shea's this week and we find that he has lost none of his power to entertain, and he gains great applause by his clever, dry sallies and imitations; most of his talk is new and if possible funnier than ever. Rae and Benedetto are clever, and give a capital performance on the revolving ladder. Mignonette Kokin is a clever comedienne and graceful dancer. Galletti's monkey turn is very amusing and the performers seem well trained and rather too human. Dorsch and Russell have a musical turn which is novel, bright and amusing. Chris Bruno has a farcical sketch entitled *Tricks of the Trade*. Harry le Clair is funny and rather satirical in his impersonations of famous actresses. The Kinetograph completes the bill.

## Pointers.

It is always bad for the truth when a liar speaks it. How to get even with some men—Pay them what you owe them.

New explosives are being discovered daily, but powder is still good enough for the ladies.

The seaside girl who had no bathing-costume said she didn't go into the water because she was unsuited for such pastimes.

A man is judged by the clothes that he wears at business, and a woman by the clothes she does not wear in the ballroom.

Things even up pretty well, after all. Men throw banana skins on the pavement, and then the banana skins throw men on the pavement.

If this is the best time to buy coal, as we are informed by a contemporary, why shouldn't January be the best time to lay in a stock of fly papers?

Other things have been settled by scientific research, but no one has yet been able to determine accurately whether or not a big man suffers more than a small man when he has the gout.



*First Fond Mamma (whose hopes have lately been dashed)*—Our heartiest congratulations on dear Violet's engagement, Mrs. Hookham.

*Second Fond Mamma (whose hopes have been realized)*—Thank you. We are delighted. Captain Norton is such a charming fellow.

*First Fond Mamma*—Yes, and so self-sacrificing!

## The Murmurs of Chadband.

**C**EAR BROTHER.—The longer I stay at this seaside boarding-house the more am I appalled at the wickedness of my fellow creatures. The sinful young men here are so abandoned that even actions of a simple and generous kind fail to excite a just approval. I have recently gone out of my way to temporarily aid a fellow creature in distress, and instead of being applauded for my kindness and good nature, I have been actually the subject of cheap abuse on this account. Let me tell you how it was. A dear old lady confided to me in the drawing-room the other afternoon that her son had written to her in a hurry for ten pounds, and she was much troubled because it would take her about a couple of days to get the money from London to send to him. As I was much affected by her recital, I offered to lend her this amount for a day or two on the understanding that she should pay me two shillings interest in the pound per diem as long as the loan remained unpaid. I was sorry to find that the lady was not as grateful as she should have been for my kindness; but as she needed the money promptly she agreed to my terms, which were, of course, just and fair, otherwise I should not have made them. The lady had the use of my money for two days, and consequently I was entitled to claim two pounds by way of interest, which she duly paid me. The loan ran, as a matter of fact, two or three hours over the second day,



"Kissed each other several times before my very eyes."

but I generously waived the right the law gave me to charge a third day's interest, as I am thankful to say I am not a hard man and love to temper justice with mercy. As it happened the news of this entirely private business transaction has leaked out, and several of the young men here have been most rude to me about it, calling me a usurer and other hard and offensive names. I told them in reply that if instead of spending their time in idle frivolity they would look a life more seriously, and devote their minds diligently to worthy and honorable business dealings, they would prosper as I have done, and be blessed as I have been. Their only reply was, however, to make coarse jests at my expense; and to show you the depths of degradation to which young men have sunk to-day, one of them actually threatened me with personal violence. And all because I had gone out of my way to help a fellow creature in distress, and had reaped for my goodness the reward that always comes to the just and upright!

That, however, was by no means the end of my troubles. When I recall what happened last night I almost despair of trying to do good in the world. The wicked seem to be having their shallow minds are unable to recognize his superior virtues. I had spoken to one of the young women most seriously yesterday evening about the sin of permitting a young man to embrace her—I may say that I had stroked into the dining-room on the previous evening, and had caught them at it. I said that such conduct pained and shocked me beyond all expression. I have never had a desire to kiss anybody myself, and I therefore consider it is quite wrong for other people to do such things. The young lady was very pert and rude in reply, and did not at all appreciate the fact that I was only talking to her for her good. At dinner time I noticed the young men looking at me and whispering to each other; but as I am by this time accustomed to the hostility of the wicked, I paid little attention to their appalling behavior.

After dinner, however, I learned the meaning of these vicious conversations. It was brought home to me with painful abruptness. I had remained reading in the dining-room with the righteous intent of preventing the scandalous meetings of engaged couples, when several young men hurried in and seized me. Without a word of warning they tied me fast to my chair, in spite of my angry protests and denunciations. And then the young women were brought in, and the gagged couples positively kissed each other several times before my very eyes. Oh, my brother, I expected every moment to see the earth open and swallow them up for their wickedness; and I can only suppose they have been reserved for some still more awful punishment by and by. I trust it is so; as it is of no use being good if we are not to make anything out of it. I was so inexplicably shocked that I shut my eyes and groaned aloud; and then one of the young men had the appalling sinfulness to turn out the gas. Oh, my brother! Though I could no longer see the poor sinners in each other's arms, I could hear their empty giggling and their foolish hilarity. After about a quarter of an hour they left me a one with my great sorrow, and when I had called for help for some time, one of the waiters came and released me. Shall I leave this boarding-house to-morrow, as it is no place for a good man, even though he be as anxious as I am to lift up low creatures up to his own exemplary and exalted level. I trust I may find in other surroundings more encouragement to carry on my great and noble work of turning people's thoughts from frivolous pursuits to serious business.

Yours, in the Cause,

A. CHADBAND.

## BLACKMAIL.

Enraged Small Boy (who has been refused a copper by Johnny)—Don't you have nothin' to do with him, lady. I see him 'ake another girl in there yesterdee.

Yours, in the Cause,

A. CHADBAND.

## Nonsensical Glorification of the Victorious Japanese.

**S**PENCER regretted that militarism was as rampant in Europe in the nineteenth century as it was in the time of Charlemagne. In spite of what the names "progress" and "civilization" signify, it still remains true that victory in war will do more to build up a nation than a century of quiet sociological and intellectual development. It is a human trait to apotheosize the victor in physical combat. As of old, the Pindars still compose poems in glorification of the rammers and boxers. To the nation that wins in a war all sorts of preposterous virtues are attributed, while the beaten nation is invariably described as decadent, degenerate, given over to graft, rotten at the core and, generally, gone to the dogs.

When Germany whipped France a few years ago wondrous tales were told of the foresight of German generalship. Von Moltke had only to pull some plans from a pigeon-hole when war was declared. He had planned every move years in advance. France, we were told, was a dying nation. Her officials were dishonest and incompetent, her ancient Gallic spirit departed. In the journals and the clubs of England, America and other countries much alarm was expressed lest Germany grow too cocky, and, with her veteran and victorious army, set out to conquer the world.

The same sort of talk followed the trivial little war between the United States and Spain. Santiago and Manila Bay, two very easy lights, made us a "world power." They advertised the Stars and Stripes. Foreigners heard a vast amount of nonsense about the energy and aggressiveness of their military resources. Before we had been in the lime-light our due time, however, the war between Great Britain and the Boers broke out and took the world's and our own attention from the prowess of the United States. The British won, but at so great a cost that England lost much prestige and the English press and people are still discussing the degeneration of the British army.

Japan beats Russia and again the same phenomena appear. The Japanese are credited with a superhuman ability, quite transcending our poor Caucasian art. Japanese heroism on the field surpasses anything of the kind ever displayed by Occidental soldiers. Japanese generalship exhibits a degree of preparedness never before equalled. And everything in Russia is rotten; her soldiers are stupid and demoralized, her officers drunkards and incompetents, her rulers thieves. Fear arises that Japan may arm China and conquer Europe. People greatly shake their heads when talking of the aggressiveness which Japan will now exhibit. It is curious and has a sobering, quieting effect, while people are talking this way, to read an article in an American magazine by a Japanese named Kiichi Kaneko, who describes as a true picture of Japan to-day a country where the laborers are industrious slaves, where high officers of state lead immoral lives, where the Government is a make-believe; a country which, he says, is far behind England and the United States.

## Is a Strange Woman Presumed to be Married or Single?

**W**HEN in doubt should one address a woman as "Miss" or as "Mrs."? Is a woman presumed to be married or single? Suppose that you are writing for the press and wish to comment on an article in a magazine by a writer of whose personal history you know nothing, and who signs herself "Mary Smith." Once or twice you may dodge the difficulty by referring to her by her full name, but if you have occasion to mention her more than twice it is necessary to speak of her as "Miss Smith" or as "Mrs. Smith." Which title should you use? The same question occurs to every business man that has to answer a letter from a feminine correspondent of whose condition as to spinsterhood he is not informed. It occurs to every drygoods clerk waiting on women, and, in fact, to every person who in the way of business must address women that are strangers to him.

Most of us sidestep the issue in oral intercourse by employing "madam" or "ma'am," but in writing an address there is no way of evading the choice except by omitting the title of courtesy—and to do that is rudeness.

Perhaps the most politic way out of the dilemma is to assume that the woman addressed is married. If she happens to be wife, widow or divorced, the title of "Mrs." is correct; if she is a spinster, the mistake is condoned by the flattering suggestion that she has captured a man. As marriage is the natural state for an adult woman, the polite presumption ought to be that she has attained the matrimonial goal. This presumption is not at all inconsistent with the acknowledgment that many women are spinsters through choice, and happy in their situation as old maids.

Why, however, should it be necessary to make any distinction between the married and the unmarried in addressing women? When commenting on a magazine article by a woman why should one be required to know whether or not she has gone through the marriage ceremony with a man? What bearing has her marital condition on the soundness of her views on the character of John D. Rockefeller, for example, or the correctness of her literary style? We take Ida M. Tarbell's articles at their intrinsic value. Why must we know whether the author has been married?

Both "Miss" and "Mrs." are diminutives of the good old English word "mistress," formerly applied impartially to all grown women. Who originated the custom of distinguishing the "Mrs." from the "Miss"? Were married women so vain of their superior condition that they insisted on a title that would denote their having succeeded in bringing a man to the altar? Who knows?

Four hundred pounds the maiden weighed.

Lover's manual art he taught.

He used his arms, until she said—

"Your efforts, dear, seem wasted."

"Shall we elope?" he asked her.

And her color came and went.

"I shouldn't like to go," she replied,

"Without papa's consent."

Mother—Willie, why do you quarrel so much with that Jones boy? Willie—Cause he's afraid to fight, mommer!

## A Case of "Sell"

Exhibition was of the "offly" artistic order, and young Tomkins and Miss Gardiner would never have thought of going only it was a pity to waste the tickets.

"Blest if I can make anything out of it!" he murmured as they stood before one of the pictures. "What do you make it out to be?"

"Why, don't you see," said the blushing Gladys, "he has just asked her to marry him, and she has accepted?"

"Oh, ah, yes, of course. Well, I might have known that by the title—see, on the card at the bottom."

Her blue eyes followed his gesture, but she flushed with alarm when she read "Sold."

## Chips.

Teacher—I am going to send for your father, Johnny, and show him what a shocking composition you brought in today. Johnny—All right; send for him—I don't care. Dad wrote it.

"My proudest boast," said the lecturer, who expected his statement to be greeted with cheers, "is that I was one of the men behind 'the guns.' "How many miles behind?" piped a voice in the gallery.

Boarder (warily)—Oh, I know every one of the tricks of your trade. Do you think I have lived in boarding-houses twenty years for nothing? Landlady (frigidly)—I shouldn't be at all surprised.



REST FOR THE WICKED.

Mary Ann—it's work, work, work, mornin', noon an' night. There's no gettin' any rest in this 'ouse.

The Missus—Well, why don't you get up earlier and take some?

## Original Contributions

Mr. Two.

*A Discourse on Hidden Treasure and Other Matters.*

HEW! thudding hot for this time of year—eh? Oh, yes, of course, a fellow's got to expect it sometimes. Can't have balmy zephyrs the whole time—no law of Nature to that effect, dontcherknow. But looks deuced like summer lingering in the lap of fall—what? There's a common rumor, ye know, that Canada's blessed with only two seasons—July and the other eleven months. From present appearance July's encroaching on other season, eh?—and in a most confoundedly perspiring fashion, too. Regular dog-days, bai Jove! It has a bad effect on one this sort of thing, keeps a fellow below fit, and, by gad, sir, when a fellow has to work through it—do downright hard work—I tell you it's simply perdition, and that's all there is about it. B'tw'ay, that brings me to the object of my visit, which is a purely business one I assure you, Mr.—ah—Sheppard. I've an article here which I should like you to take your eye over—Indian subject, curious, embellished, and all that sort of thing, inlaid, too, with a sort of meaning, I may tell you. I'll just leave it here, and you can have a look at it, ye know, when you have the time. It's a sort of a hit at the ridiculous Hindoo idea of caste; and, what's more, it'll furnish up his English grammar—haw, haw—for anyone who'll take the trouble to read it through. I'm no outsider, remember, in Indian affairs. I was out there quite a time with an uncle of mine, a commissioner on the Bombay side; and a jolly awfully pleasant time I had there, you can take my word for it. Honestly, it was gymkhana, dancing, polo, big game, from morning till night; and the most sporting rajah you ever clapped eyes on. Did one good to see him handle a rifle—by gad, did it. You'll see I know the life from the inside—bit of an expert in point of fact.

I only wish I had some of my Indian kit over here now. You fellows are dabs at the winter game—furs, buffalo hides, and all that; but to dress for a sweltering, killing sort of day like this give me your Anglo-Indian and his ways, bai Jove. Why, sir, it would have done you good to see me a couple of years ago walk through the bazars of Chutneyope under a dashed, vertical, blazing sun—a pretty average trying experiment even for a native, let me tell you. Your summer kit over here—no offence, ye know—isn't worth a tuppenny cuss w-w-d in comparison, honor bright it isn't. White clothes is what you want, sir, from top to toe, with a sun tan on your cranium and a cummerbund round your waist. And deuced fine silk cummerbunds a man can get there, such as n-o fellow need be astained of, bai Jove. For a downright gorgeous waist-band command me to "the flaming East," as I'm sure my journalist fellow called it.

Talking of clothes just reminds me that I'm not togged out exactly to—ah—what you might call kill. Fact is I'm in deuced awkward mess. I've had my share of luck, good and bad, ye know—my ups and downs, as my laddiey, good old soul, calls it—but, by gad, sir, I was never in such a deucedly awful fix as I'm in now. Quite takes my breath away to think of it. To tell you bluntly, dontcherknow, here I sit before you in these confounded rags, and all the while I'm the proud possessor of hidden treasure in this very city, if you'll believe me—hidden treasure that I can't find and moreover—and here comes the most perniciously ridiculous part of the story—it's hidden treasure that with these two dashed paws of mine I myself hid, and that less than a fortnight ago. Now how does that strike you for hard lines? Fruity situation—what?

B'way that reminds me of that Spanish Swindle Scheme. What do you think of it—eh? Pretty average tame sort of an end they made of it. I can respect a rascal who has the courage of his convictions, but, by jingo, when it came to the last, faint-hearted isn't the word to describe the demeanour of that gang. I was downright glad—you can take my word for it—to see they were run to earth—in Madrid, wasn't it, or was it Barcelona? The guileless German was the chief sufferer, and strike me pink if it wasn't a guileless German who blundered upon them in his own simple Teutonic fashion. Poetic justice I call it! I s'pose now they rooked people in every country under this blistering sun—what? How people can be taken in by a story like theirs passes my comprehension—bai Jove, gravelly me completely. Seems to be no end to the pigeons in this woeful world of ours. Get an avaricious cuss who's too stupid to be a sharp or too dashed funky, and by gad, there's your pigeon for you. Sheer cupidity on both sides in these transactions, and that's about what it amounts to, you can lay your life on that. Scratch a dupe and you find a swindler—eh? Now isn't that so? They say now, ye know, that the best gamekeeper is the converted poacher, and by gad, sir, the pigeon is the undeveloped sharp; and the sharp is too unaware of the fact. Consequently what does the fly one do? Quite simple. Makes shady proposal and flat his accomplice in it at same time. When crisis comes flat prefers bleeding to scandal, and there you are, by Jupiter.

Is a straightforward, honorable manner our friend of the wits approaches—per post—his intended—ah—victim. He's a cavalry officer—so runs his story—linguishing in a prison of Spain. Has a family secret pent up in his manly bosom; and he gives it to 'em hot and strong in the approved romantic strain. "Spanish doublet—lying deep, deep down in the brin y—ther since time of Armada—money only wanted to fish 'em up—100 per cent, safe on the venture—half share for lucky forwarder of funds—but must let no one get inkling of the matter (couldn't have come to a better shop, who puts dupe to himself) for Government would step in and capture the lot, therefore, above all things secrecy." And so the gall parts with his money in secret; and in secret 't'oth r fellow accepts it. In dead secret the swindler then proceeds to open the worthy fellow's peepers; in secret the worthy fellow sees light. And last scene of all, the matter is by mutual consent allowed to drop—all in the most profound, abysmal secrecy, eh? Doesn't that describe it? I'm a Dutchman if it doesn't—bai Jove I am. And if you looked into the blameless fellow's private accounts what would you find under "sundries" for that quarter? Oh, a matter of a cool few thousands—dollars, francs, pounds, or what not. Now if, instead of "sundries," he put down: "Correspondence Tuition. One Useful Lesson"—it would be nearer the mark—what? Haw, haw, haw. Ah, these respectable citizens! They have their skeletons in the cupboard, and it's no good anyone wagging a head to the contrary. Puts me in mind of the irreproachable merchant. "Never was such a blameless character," his friends averred. "Bai Jove now, I don't believe it," quoth a sporting, racing, dashing sort of a card, "and I'll wager there's something in his life that he wouldn't care to have known." "Done!" said the others. Well, begad, what do you think the sporting fellow did? Sent a telegram to the honest man: "All is discovered, fly," and that very night the bird flew and has never been heard of since. Don't believe it? Fact!

Oh, I see there's another Johnny waiting. Hope I haven't intrud'd too long. No? So glad, dontcherknow. Oh, ah, yes, about the hidden treasure, well, I won't trespass any longer. I'll call round again soon. Hope you'll find the article suitable; I'd shed convenient for me if you could. Meantime I'll take off my coat to the hidden treasure—be a workman, as it were, for the time—what? Good-bye.

After the Holidays the Fair.

ONCE upon a time it was debated with much fervor at the old schoolhouse at the jog in the road—"Resolved, that city life is preferable to country life." The affirmative side was taken by Bill Bump and Mary Bangs, whose only knowledge of a city was the county town on circ'd day. The negative was championed by Jake Rumble and Sarah Snook, both of whom would have moved to town the very next day if their dads had not been so busy paying off the mortgage on the home fifty.

Since the close of the summer holidays and the opening of the big Fair there are some thousands of people in this city who might be able to give useful pointers to anybody interested in this time-honored debate. The best place to argue the question is the street-car—though any ordinary downtown sidewalk or store will do very well.

Curious, isn't it, how vividly the average man remembers every circumstance of his vacation? A week ago up north or



out on the edge of the water somewhere, nearly every day came along in its stocking feet and on tiptoe at that. The most impudent thing anywhere was a bird-whistle. About two o'clock a breeze always used to creep up almost begging your pardon, out of a clump of woods or a lake, and put in the rest of the forenoon fanning everybody in sight. The luxury of absolute laziness became almost a virtue. Not a soul in the whole camp was making a dollar a week—so far as any vibrations of his gray matter were concerned. Everybody got a tacit notion he just about owned all he could lay his eyes on. There was a whole lake right out in front of the tent; just one duck on it. Standing at the farmhouse door the city visitor could see a whole plantation of dewy grain ripening clear to the edge of the bush yonder with a meadow lark chattering over it somewhere. And if he was the meanest old or middle-aged curmudgeon that ever had dollar-marks for eyebrows, he inflated his chest and said he would like to be a farmer, just to have the privilege of focussing his eyes on as much scenery at once as he had a mind to. He had forgotten just how big the world was and how far he could see over.

Up the road somewhere a wagon was rattling—probably a mile away; just one wagon. Down the river a canoe was swishing—just one. Back in the lane the farmer was talking to one of the boys about how fit the wheat might be when the dew went off. Every word could be heard clear to the house, as clear and crisp as an evening bell.

"Don't you ever get lonesome?" I asked a few years ago of a family twenty miles east of Battleford where there was not a shack in sight but their own.

"No," replied the man's wife—she had no children—"we felt pretty comfortable till this spring, but another outfit moved in on the other side of that hill yonder. Now we're beginning to feel crowded."

With so many people touring New Ontario this summer that not a single guide could be hired two weeks ago, there may be a few people just getting back to the city who feel something like that family on the prairie. Such a crowd as this city has now just about revises all a man's conceptions



Give useful pointers to anybody.

of himself in solitude. Watching the antics of a chipmunk on a stoneheap he may think up funny things enough to discount Mark Twain. In a crowd he may be as dull as a hoe. Under the farmer's old apple-tree he may have been a philosopher. In the Manufacturers' Building at the Fair he is as fussy as a setting-hen. The man who can get his five-cent shine tramped on, has knocked over his eyes and a bunch of souvenir fans rammed into his face, and still calmly reflect upon the immortality of the soul—such a man needs no holiday. He is probably dead.

To the children whose term of bondage began last Tuesday the case is a little different. If school could only be postponed for another month on account of the Fair, most children would be willing to have Toronto jammed full to the suburbs for four weeks. But the Public school of the past has made the Fair of the present, and so the mills of knowledge must grind again; the click of the chalk instead of the clash of the breakers; the sharp voice of the teacher instead of the twitter of the summer birds; in place of a tin pail, a scribbler; for a shovel, a lead pencil.

The grateful shadow of the long holiday will hang over the children for days yet. It will haunt their dreams when the jargon of the schoolroom has ceased for the day. Flowers have been pulled by millions. Miniature camps have been built in the woods. The curling smoke fragrant and half-aboriginal has reminded many a youngster of the time when some far-back ancestor was a camper and a hunter. Birds have been studied. Some will have learned to know a yellowhammer by its call and a Baltimore oriole by its limpid whistle. Chipmunks and squirrels have become shily familiar with some of the young ones—the animals which in our own boyhood days we thought fit for nothing but to chase along the old snake fence. In a hundred ways and places the children of this city—those who were able to get away from it—have been wondering how a vacation can be so short.

Perhaps to none have the weeks seemed so brief as to those who played all summer in the sand. Poets may prate about groves and green meadows, but the child who has got nearest to the heart of nature has been the sand-digger and the water-wader. The average child is not a poet. He is more nearly allied to the snipe. The trees may have a dim sort of gospel for his imagination, but the plashing water

is that it is over." We begin to realize the force of this remark as the Exhibition days go by with crowded cars and shops and people from all over the province wanting to know where Queen's Park is and how far it may be to the Island ferry. More than one weary householder has breathed the sigh, "Oh, won't I be glad when the schools are open and the Exhibition's over." The best days of life are those of commonplace work and rest, although most of us long for "things to happen." The one who gets most enjoyment out of it is the boy from the country, to whom the show is the thing, and who regards the National Exhibition as something far beyond the country tea-meeting or the lawn social.

Among the stories told about the young King of Spain and his matrimonial intentions, it is said that he confronted his advisers with the declaration: "Of one thing you may be quite certain—I am not going to marry a photograph." This sounds like a very sensible decision, and the old Alfonso seems to be taking his time in choosing his queen. The gossip that Princess Patricia, the pretty daughter of the Duke of Connaught, was to become Queen of Spain, is now being vigorously denied. The reference to marrying a photograph may be a remote allusion to certain disastrous alliances in modern European history. There was also in olden times that much-married gentleman, Henry VIII, who, looking about for a wife after the death of beautiful Jane Seymour, came upon the portrait of Anne of Cleves. It was centuries before the era of the kodak, but the portrait was exceedingly flattering and Anne was straightway summoned to England, where she became the fourth wife of the fickle Henry. But her pictured charms were much greater than those of reality and the king used an expression more forcible than polite in describing her Flanders spouse. There was not a Chicago or South Dakota divorce court in "Merrie England" in those stern days, but Henry found a royal road to divorce and the pacid Anne was only too willing to return to a quiet life and give up the pink teas of the royal circle. I wonder if she heard of her successor's sad fate and congratulated herself on her easy escape from the vivacious Henry?

Speaking of photographs, it is rather curious that we are all afflicted for a time with a craze for photographs of certain divinities. The extremely young man rejoices in a mantel crammed with photographs of summer girls who have for perhaps one week of a season captured his fancy. He is proud indeed if he can display the portrait of a bewitching chorus girl with Flora or Sadie's regards scrawled upon the back. The craze for the stage photograph spares few of us. A pretty blonde was telling between dances the other evening of the collection which adorns her room, and said in her own sweet way: "I've got the dearest picture of Margaret Anglin and just the sweetest thing you ever saw of Maxine Elliott. I've got four of Lilian Russell and six of James K. Hackett. Wasn't he the most wonderful lover you ever saw? I'm just dying to go on the stage, but 'poppa' won't hear of it. But I'm going to coax him to let me go to New York next year. I know lots of girls who have got on awfully well. You don't need much of an education and I always used to be told that I could recite better than any other girl at Miss Teachem's. I gave *Aux Italiens* one evening and Ethel Harvey said it was just grand."

"Another young Englishman committed suicide out in the West," read a man who had paused in front of the bulletin board. "A good riddance," was the grim comment of his companion; "the country doesn't want cowards like him." Perhaps it does not, but in some way the line that told about the discouraged boy who took his own way to the "Great Perhaps" was not easily forgotten. Clive was a man whose life meant something to the race from which he sprang, but more than once in his despairing young days he attempted to end a life that seemed worse than useless. It is easy to say "coward," but the natural clinging to "those ills we have" is so strong that the suffering must be agony indeed that drives the young exile to such an act. Some one has said that each of us would commit at least one murder, only that people die in so untidy and disgusting a fashion. It may be that most of us are too vain to contemplate the unpleasant methods by which despairing people rid themselves of existence. Well, it is not a cheerful subject, but that poor, lonely English boy must have had his bad quarter-of-an-hour, and even if he was a coward, the human being who has never known a moment of utter, abject cowardice is more often envied than encountered.

There is something both pathetic and annoying in the light way in which the stage or journalism is sometimes discussed by young persons who talk gayly of "going in for" a life that means hard work and small rewards. They are so sure of success, so confident that their talent is of the winning order that the one who knows can hardly repress a warning. It is astonishing how the aspiring young writer will sometimes disdain the simplest rules of his "profession" and will scorn punctuation and such trifles as the rules of construction. "Elbert Hubbard," remarked one of these aspirants to a grey-headed newspaper man, "says that you can't write properly until you throw all rules of rhetoric overboard." "If you read that East Aurora man and believe in him, I don't see why you've come to me for advice," was the reply from the newspaper man, who has a deep abhorrence of the *Philistine* editor with his dinky little books and his Roycroft furniture. But we all have to attend the school of experience sooner or later, and even if the fees be high it is well to take the course with the comforting assurance that it is worth while. Better far the conceited youth who is sure that editors are clamoring for his stuff than the whining failure who wonders why he has such bad luck and is sure that the fates have selected him as a victim of all misfortune. The only impossible persons are those who do the "clinging vine" act. Wherefore it is just as well not to laugh when the would-be star of the future Thackeray tells you all the encouraging things that have been said to him. It is only youth that speaks—the youth that hopeth all things and beareth all things.

CANADIENNE.

city not far from the Don. A load of sand had been dumped there for repairing a building. Five rods away was a pretty little park with a velvety sward. Not a child was to be seen on the grass. Twenty were down on their clothes in the load of sand. They built forts and laid streets, dug out caves and fashioned lagoons which they filled with water lugged in tin pails from the park hydrant. Until the sand came the grass satisfied them; but they couldn't dig the grass; couldn't get their toes into its roots or their clothes full of it. After the sand came they boycotted the grass.

If the dozens of school grounds in this city had each a few pits of good clean sand, a large majority of the young ones who wear frills and furbelows would soon find a way to reconcile themselves to the fact that the holidays on the beaches are over, and that school life has begun again.

OKEMO.

"Has the circulation of your new magazine gone up?" "No. But the magazine has."

*Parke*—By the way, what ever became of our old friend Griggsby? *Lane*—Why, he's gone into the gravestone business. *Parke*—Well, I always knew he was a monumental liar.

By the Way.

HERE have been many thrusts at the Englishman who spends three weeks on this continent and returns to the Old Country to write *Impressions of America*. Perhaps a Canadian has been irritated when the United States by criticism of his native land which was backed by the assurance, "I've been in Canada, so I know what I'm talking about. Went over to Toronto one day from Niagara and stayed most of the afternoon." But there is nearly always unusual interest in the book treating cleverly of national characteristics. Max O'Rell's wit played upon Sandy, John Bull and Pat, to the delight of the nations that read his books and heard his lectures. We draw the line, however, at such extravagance and ill-natured stuff as Croslan's *The Unspeakeable Scot*. Miss Geraldine Bonner has lately been writing letters for the *Argonaut* of San Francisco from Pointe au Pic, Province of Quebec, and says many diverting and wise things about the French-Canadians. In the article "Gallicized Canada" Miss Bonner makes a few statements that the native-born Canadian will hardly accept. In speaking of the dominance of the French language in the Province of Quebec she says: "It is a curious illustration of the ineradicable force of race antipathy. Over a hundred years has passed since Wolfe and Montcalm fell on the Plains of Abraham, and here are the two nations they represented living side by side, unenclosed, antagonistic as Capulets and Montagues." If Miss Bonner were to read Canadian history she would discover that the use of the French language in Quebec is no illustration of the force of race antipathy, but the result of the policy followed in 1784 and 1791 by British statesmen who were, according to some authorities, foolishly liberal in the matter of language. What about race antipathy in Alsace and Lorraine, where the German speech has materially changed the political affinities of the people? Miss Bonner's final declaration about Capulets and Montagues is amusing to any English-Canadians who have lived among their French compatriots. That there is any deadly feud or deep antagonism existing is far from that truth which journalists are supposed to hold dear. While an occasional political clash is heard, the French and British in Canada are fairly contented neighbors and are not given to reviling each other. Even in Tory Toronto, on the King's Birthday, that dashing pro-Boer, M. Henri Bourassa, was given a respectful and appreciative hearing, while ardent Imperialists sat on the platform and smiled benignly. There is no Canadian verse more popular among people of Ontario than the "Habitant" poems of Dr. W. H. Drummond. We have no Capulet and Montague frays in Canada, although there may be Romeo and Juliet. And it might be said that our Canadian hero's name is spelled with an "e" and not plain "Wolf."

A cynical person once remarked: "The best of anything



LIFE'S MISFORTUNES.

*Liza*—It's rainin' fer Emerly's funeral. She always did 'ave bad luck.

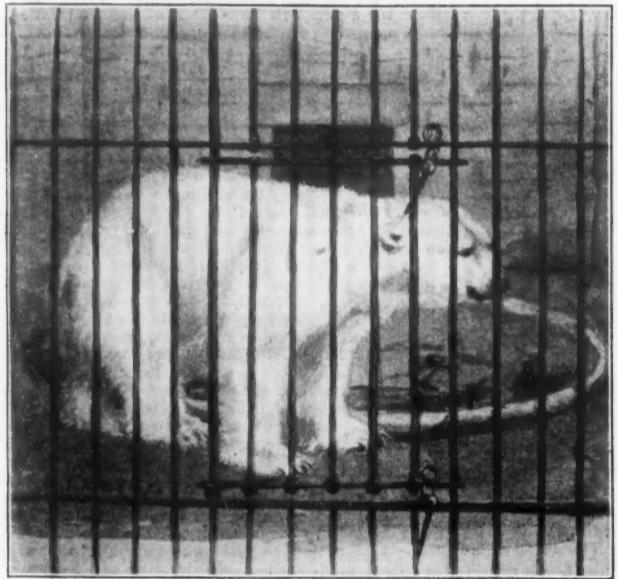
## Our Riverdale Friends.

**A** CAKEWALK by Peter the Great! Not to be seen in the Russia with which we associate this name, but close at hand in that portion of our own town, yclept Riverdale Zoo. Peter is not by nature a dancer; with him it is an acquired art. Yet he has a terpsichorean career of some distinction to look back upon. He has toured Europe, and, like most of his brothers and sisters of the profession, is reluctant to abandon the fascinations of the footlights and with unabated ardor trips the light fantastic toe, that is, when not engaged in having a nap of some weeks' duration.

A red deer, a pet fox and a bird or two was the nucleus from which our present Zoo was built up in a comparatively short time into what is now one of the attractions of Toronto. The

reversed the order of things and made the covering of our lower animals grow from the tail forward how laughable would be the effect. But Nature has made no mistake of that sort, but has evolved in the present state of things a coat which offers the least resistance to stealth of movement in their native forest wilds. To prove this take a dead deer: pull him backward, every hair of his coat resists, and though a strong man may exert his full strength, to move him is impossible; but pull the carcass forward and the same amount of strength will cause it to slide with comparative ease. Environment and necessity have also developed the coat into bristly hardness on its most exposed portions as a protection from wind and storm, and left the under portions all their original softness.

No greater contrast can be imagined



In Durance Vile.

larger and rarer animals have been added as opportunity and funds have permitted.

The spectacle of these caged giants calls up in imagination the fearful perils and privations of those who have tared forth to Arctic regions or tropical jungles to capture, if not these identical animals, then their immediate ancestors. Nostalgia, hence longing for their natural environment, comes over the animals at some seasons. Perhaps at the very moment when the photographic field is snapshotting an effective and tragic pose a great heart may be breaking.

Many of the larger animals have been coveted by circus owners and flattering offers have been made for them, but it is unlikely that any will leave their present quarters, where they are fully appreciated. Dick, the tame wolf, so soft and yellow as to be easily mistaken for a colie, and so tame that he was accustomed to follow Mr. Carter, the superintendent, at heel, like a dog, captured the fancy of me less a person than Mrs. Fiske, who desired him for a pet, but the authorities at Riverdale Park refused to part with him. In passing it may be remarked that Mrs. Fiske is but maintaining the traditions of the profession in yearning for an unusual pet, a tiger having been at one time a favorite of Sarah Bernhardt.

At Riverdale there are haughty ocelots—miniature leopards in appearance—and raccoons; foxes, with a butter-would-not-melt-in-my-mouth expression of face, in neighboring cages, and sun-bears, this last a sort of pocket edition of the family of bruin. Such jolly little beggars—sleek of body with tawny colored crescent markings on their necks. As agile almost as monkeys, they are a great delight to the children as they climb up to the roof of the cage and hang by their paws, swinging back and forth and performing antics of every description. They might be designated the clowns of the menagerie.

Wolves of several varieties and coyotes are among the collection. The wolf, as we know, is common father to all dogs, the anatomy of these being

indeed that between the glassy eyes of the owls and those of the deer, especially the Scotch roe-deer. These tiny creatures, which look like baby deer but are really full grown, are so appealing in their fragility that one wonders how any human being could have the heart to shoot them, especially with a gun. If they must be done to death surely the bow and arrow is the only weapon to be used against them. The elk and red deer are giants beside these small specimens, and the fallow is a step between.

The horns of the elk are now fully grown, taking but six weeks to attain full size, and are rapidly becoming hard. In the early summer the surface of the horn was quite like long-haired plush. While in its velvety condition the horn itself was not much harder than a banana. This tenderness begins to lessen next to the head and dies gradually up to the tips. The fur is eventually rubbed off against trees and other objects. Instinct causes the elk, when the time arrives for the annual shedding of his horns, to seek the water side. Contact with water gives the chemical change necessary and the calcined horn drops off. Deer are supplied with a double set of nostrils, the extra set being placed at the inside corners of the eyes for use when the nose is held under water while drinking. The delicate and keen sense of a deer constitutes his chief protection from enemies, and by this arrangement this sense need never be interfered with.

A curiosities at the Zoo was a turtle hatched in a coat pocket. A turtle egg had been placed there and forgotten. Meanwhile the coat hung close beside a radiator and in the fullness of time, assisted by this artificial heat, the egg produced its natural offspring.

The last object in the world to appeal to a tender spot in one's memory would seem to be an alligator. Yet this ungainly companion of the turtle awoke a flood of memories. In my childhood I was the proud possessor of an alligator brought all the way from the vicinity of the Everglades. It was taken like

Cremating is the best means of disposing of alligators who will refuse to keep awake!

Nearby is a boarder—a Dachshund—with her small family, reminding one of Mark Twain's remark that they always looked to him as if they needed another pair of legs in the middle to keep their bodies from sagging.

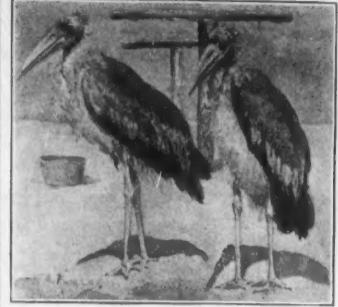
The Indian elephant, compatriot of the fellow deer and the gorgeous peacock, though born in captivity, was destined to be a traveller. Poor dame, she looks in some respects the most lonely of any animal in the collection. Elephants are affirmed to be quick-witted, resourceful and reasoning in spite of their stupid appearance, but I never see them without being reminded of the old catch question with which mischievous uncles teased me in my childhood as to whether I should rather be a greater fool than I looked or look a greater fool than I was. A story of an elephant told me by a British officer, for the facts of which he vouches, proves the sagacity of one at least. This animal, which was used in the government service, had a more than usually dishonest mahout. He habitually cheated his animals in the weight of their cakes, meal for which was supplied by the Commissariat department. The elephant possessed an extraordinarily accurate idea of weight, and often by way of protest refused to eat the cakes when they were markedly deficient in size. His superiors discovered the mahout's dishonesty, but in spite of rebukes and remonstrance he continued his fraud. After some months of endurance the elephant's opportunity for retaliation arrived. While taking a bath in the Ganges he seized the mahout and held him under water until he was dead. Then deliberately walking out into deeper water he drowned himself, being unable to bear longer injustice which made life a burden.

One wonders if it is the memory of some similar injustice which makes our lady of the Zoo look so forlorn. Of what does she think as she stands there lazily flapping her great ears and switching her scant tail? Of her native jungles or the days when she toiled among her fellows? Mr. Carter says her nervous system is of the most delicate description and that on occasion she can literally tremble like a leaf.

This one would scarcely expect of a lady weighing some three hundred and fifty pounds over two tons weight. A small friend aged four upon a recent visit to the Zoo stopped in front of the ever charming monkeys. One sat with tail well displayed and she insisted that he was an elephant. "No," said her mother, "that is a monkey." "He must be an elephant, mother," she repeated, "because—pointing to his tail—"there is his trunk." A small boy was heard

a little of everything in their makeup. From this section has been built up a considerable business in the sale of eggs and young birds among the zoological gardens of the United States.

Romances among the waterfowl come as a surprise, yet it is but a short time since there began a love story which ended tragically. The gander, with a



Candidates for the Bald-Headed Row.

complexion like Yeager flannel, conceived a passion for a goose of snowy whiteness and she returned his affection with warmth.

The other gander, which, by right of color, she should have taken for her mate, was thus left lamenting. He must have been a spiritless specimen, for he exhibited a lamentable want of pride, following the enamored pair up and down, gnashing his teeth, or whatever is their equivalent, and growing daily thinner and more unhappy until one day his lifeless body was found floating on the water. There was no inquest.

Mr. Carter tells me that practically all tropical and Arctic animals reach America via Hamburg, Hagenbeck of that port being the largest dealer in the world in this line. Seasicness has killed many specimens, the poor beasts suffering greatly and often fatally from the effects of *mal de mer*.

Most people's opinion of Nansen, the Polar bear—it was mine at first glance—is that "much thinking hath made him mad." Such, however, is not the case. With a philosophy that some of the higher animals might with advantage copy, he is trying to accommodate himself to his surroundings. The swimming see-saw movement is as near as he can get to the motion of his native haunts, peering between, above and about floating pieces of ice in quest of young walrus or seal at play. What a glorious fellow he is! surely the most beautiful in captivity. Salt baths, and I know not what other toilet luxuries,

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## OAK HALL CLOTHIERS

Right opposite the "Chimes."

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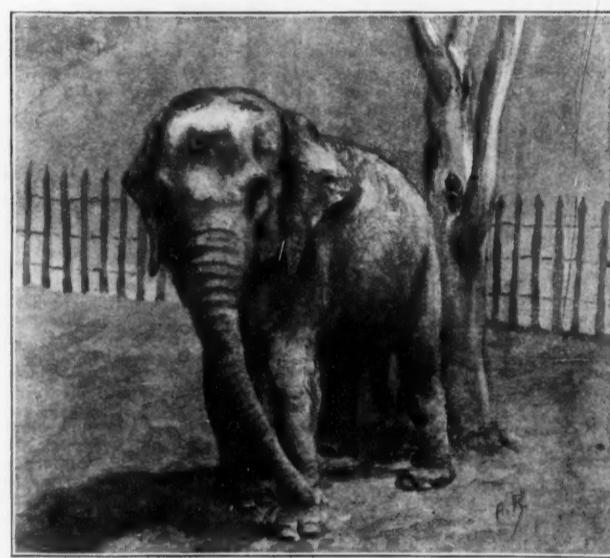


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Lalla Rookh.

inquiring anxiously why the elephant wore her tail on her nose.

The scene at the Zoo is an animated one; there are all sorts and conditions of people, though scarcely the variety of nationality to be seen in London or Rotterdam. The beautiful zoological gardens of London upon a certain Sunday during the coronation festivities had the additional attraction of several hundred Indian natives literally blazing in gorgeous uniforms and lofty turbans. Softly patterning along in curious tan shoes, guineas of socks, the Pathans seemed less interested in the tigers than in the hundreds of types of English and colonial visitors, who for their part paid upon that occasion but little heed themselves to the cages, finding greater interest in the brawny Sikhs, tall and bow-legged, or the sturdy and equally crooked-legged though shorter Sepoys.

They and those curious birds, the penguins, constituted to one visitor, at least, the great spectacle of the occasion.

A word about these quaint birds.

It is believed that English people are stolid, but I have seen large and fashionable crowds standing about this particular enclosure, convulsed with laughter at their comically solemn antics.

Absurdly like a row of Presbyterian ministers in gown and lawn they seemed to me.

For myself, hypnotized, perhaps, by his swaying movements, I imagine all sorts of things. He is no longer alive,

but is only one of those signs representing the national emblem of the Bernese Oberland, with which every traveller is surfeited. Or, closing my eyes to the familiar Canadian voices, I can dream that I am once more a part of that human flotsam and jetsam comprising every nationality, which hangs with divided interest over that famous bear-pit in the ancient Swiss capital.

Circus managers have admired the lioness greatly, and to judge by the prices offered for her Venus is an exceptionally fine beast.

The cubs are a great attraction this summer, not the least of their claims to popularity being that they are native-born Torontians—the first cubs raised in captivity in Canada.

Grim and unfriendly as the monarch of the forest can be, there is a fascination about him which few other animals possess.

To be lion-hearted is not a pure figure of speech. Much as he seems to chafe at his captivity there are moments when the brave heart casts off the weight of present woes and may be tempted to a frolic. Not so the tiger; nothing has ever been discovered to overcome his sullen acceptance of his fate, and he has no bright moments such as come to his royal fellow-sufferer.

The Bactrian, or two-humped camel, was introduced to the at close quarters—a privilege for which, with many other kindnesses, I have to thank the courteous superintendent.

What strange bonny structure is he built upon!

Never before have I given him sufficient credit for benevolence of expression nor for a softness of eye which rivals that of the deer. My natural history, like that of most grown-ups, has become rather rusty. A sight of Moses recalled the hitherto forgotten fact that

he to keep him in his present perfect state of spotlessness.

Nansen seems specially a pet with Toronto animal lovers, perhaps because he has grown up from comparative babyhood here. His footmarks measured but four inches when he first came with his little brothers from the far North. Now they are two and a half times that size.

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but is only one of those signs representing the national emblem of the Bernese Oberland, with which every traveller is surfeited. Or, closing my eyes to the familiar Canadian voices, I can dream that I am once more a part of that human flotsam and jetsam comprising every nationality, which hangs with divided interest over that famous bear-pit in the ancient Swiss capital.

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The train was just about to steam out of the station when a forlorn individual with sideboard whiskers was bundled into a smoking-carriage, where a young man sat steadily smoking a cigar.

The forlorn one scowled, first at the young man, then at the cigar.

"Do you know, young man," he said in a hollow voice, "that five out of six people who suffer from heart trouble have brought it upon themselves through the filthy habit of smoking?"

"Really?" said the young man blandly. "And might I ask you, sir, if you are aware of the fact that nine out of ten people who suffer from black eyes can trace the complaint to a habit of not minding their own business?"

The forlorn one sighed deeply, but spoke no more.

With her bathing-suit fashioned in style, She couldn't see anything funny When he said with a ghost of a smile That she didn't get much for her money.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

## VACUUM CLEANING.

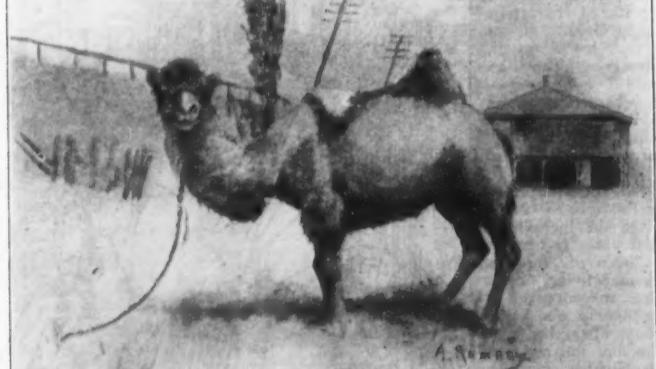
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The Arab's Friend.

identical to every little whisker and nerve bed. But how much evolution of soul must have gone on to give such expressive eyes to the friend of man! For herein lies the most striking difference between the two, the wolf having a mean, shrewd, cunning eyes without a scrap of feeling, quite unlike a certain collie gentleman of my acquaintance who with every glance melts my heart. We accept the manner in which hair or fur grows on wild animals without comment. That it grows from the nose backward is so familiar as to be no longer striking. If nature suddenly

Mary's little lamb to school one day, but unlike that mild-mannered quadruped, contributed somewhat fearful joy to the usual monotony of school life. Poor Nebuchadnezzar! his fate was a tragic one. When he was a foot in length the winter season came on. Each night he was wrapped in flannel and placed in a box of sand. In the morning he was thawed gently out from what was to us an inexplicable drowsiness by being put in the oven of the kitchen stove. One morning he was forgotten for an hour or two and the fire burned particularly well that day.



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**Anecdotal**

Roy Bean, one of the noted characters of Texas, died a short time ago. When Bean was police magistrate and corner of a small town in Greene county, he was called to hold an inquest upon the body of a cowboy who had been found dead. Upon the corpse was found a pistol and \$40. Bean fined the corpse the forty for carrying concealed weapons, and put the money away in his own jeans. Not a bean did he give to the county.

It is a well-established fact that the average school-teacher experiences a great deal of difficulty when she attempts to enforce the clear pronunciation of the terminal "g" of each present participle. "Robert," said the teacher of one of the lower classes during the progress of a reading exercise, "please read the first sentence." A diminutive lad arose to his feet, and amid a series of labored gasps breathed forth the following: "See the horse runnin'." "Don't forget the 'g,' Robert," admonished the teacher. "Gee! See the horse runnin'."

Andrew Carnegie tells this as one of his experiences at Skibo. Soon after he had bought Skibo there was a circus exhibiting in the neighborhood of the castle, and one of the main attractions was an orang-outang. One night the orang-outang got out, fell over the cliff and was killed. In the morning two of the keepers, looking over the grounds, ran across the body of the dead orang-outang. One of them scratched his head and said: "He ain't no 'lander, that's sure." The other said: "He ain't no Lowlander, they ain't got so much hair on 'em." After a while one of them proposed to the other as follows: "I'll go up to the kirk and see the parson, and you go up to Mr. Carnegie and see if any of his American gentry is missing."

Not long ago a well-known actor now playing in England received from a New York friend an unpaid letter containing nothing but the following brief message: "I am well. With kind regards. Your friend, —." The recipient, annoyed at having to pay postal charges for such a piece of news, determined to retaliate in kind. Procuring a heavy stone, he packed it in a box and sent it to his New York friend, marking the box, "Collect on delivery." The friend, believing the contents to be valuable, gladly paid the heavy express charges due. On opening the box, he found to his dismay, nothing but the stone and an attached ticket, on which was written: "On receiving the news that you were well, the accompanying load rolled off my heart."

An ignorant countryman who saw the sea for the first time was much impressed by the effect of the blue water, and asked a fisherman if he could tell him the owner, as he would like to buy a gallon to take home to his wife. The fisherman replied proudly: "Us, me man—*we* own it!" "Land's sakes!" exclaimed the rustic. "Could you sell me a gallon for fifty cents?" "Sure," said the fisherman; and he disappeared, returning in a few moments with a jar of water, for which he received the countryman's fifty cents. The latter departed with his purchase. Returning later in the day, after the tide had gone out, he gazed in silent wonder at the water, which had receded far from the beach. "Lumme!" he exclaimed, "don't they do a trade!"

Congressman Landis desired to illustrate the absurd and perilous position of a boodle politician whose dishonesty had been exposed. "Before, after the crash came," he said, "the man stood tottering and swaying, pale and scared, and, though I pitied him, I had to laugh at him because his position was so ludicrous. He reminded me of the Indianapolis barber who got drunk one busy Saturday afternoon. This barber, heavy with eighteen large, cold glasses of beer, lurched into his shop at the end of the ball game, put on his white coat, seized a razor and began to shave a patron whom the apprentice had just lathered up. As the barber shaved away he held on to the patron's nose. 'Hang it,' the patron said, 'what are you about, anyway? Let go of my nose, will you?' 'Let go?' said the barber. 'Not a bit of it. If I did, I'd fall down!'"

Speaker Cannon, at a dinner he at-

"The Book Shop."  
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The silverware habit for bridal gifts is being abandoned in favor of the much more commendable custom of offering one or a pair of beautiful paintings by some of the great masters, or a choice water-color or etching. There is no more appreciable or appropriate wedding gift, and the prices will please the most economical.

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tended in Washington some time ago, talked about mean rich men. "The meanest rich man in Illinois," he said, "lives in Vermilion county. He is a bachelor and we'll call him Crust. One day the superintendent of the local cemetery told his salesman to call on Crust and see if he couldn't work off a cemetery lot on him. The salesman set out with a hopeless air, and in a half-hour he was back again. 'No go,' he said. 'Couldn't get him, eh?' said the superintendent. 'No,' said the salesman. 'He admitted that I reasoned well, and that the lots were fine ones, but he said that if he bought one he might not get the value of his money in the end.' 'Why,' said the superintendent, 'there's no fear of that. The man will die some day, won't he?' 'Yes,' said the salesman, 'but he says he might be lost at sea.'

There is a judge in one of the United States civil courts whose decisions are notoriously bad, but who has enough "pull" to retain his official head. Among the members of the bar is a Mr. C., a man of some ability and a great drinker. While intoxicated one day he eluded his friends and entered the court-room where presided the judge referred to. "Yer Honer," said he, "wan' make moshun." "I can hear no motion from you to-day, sir," declared the judge. "Ver' portan' moshun, yer Honer. I—I wan' er 'juneshun." "I have said," declared the judge again, "that I can entertain no motion from you." "No? Why not? Ain't I member bar? Ain't I, eh? Why not? That's wha' wan' know." "You are drunk, sir," thundered the other. "You are drunk—vilely drunk, and I want you to understand that this court will entertain no motion from a man who is drunk." Mr. C. laughed hoisterously. "Tha's a' right, yer Honer, tha's a' right. An' permit me to cngushulate you. Tha's the firs' c'rec' decishun yer've made this term."

**Qualified.**

TWO friends started out in life, each of them resolving to pursue their own ideal. And one of them went out to see the world, and the other became a hermit.

After many years they met again. And the hermit said: "There is only one thing that I am very curious about—women. Have you met any?"

"Have I met any?" exclaimed the other, smiling. "Why, women have been my specialty."

"Are they vain?"

"Very."

"Are they selfish?"

"Very."

"Are they inquisitive?"

"Dear me, yes!"

"Is it true they talk continuously?"

"Oh, yes."

"Are they extravagant?"

"Yes; enough to suit any taste."

"Have they any good points?"

"Well, I should say they had."

"What are they?"

"Well, they can be unselfish."

"Indeed!"

"And they can hold their tongue when the object warrants it."

"You don't say."

"And they can save, if they love enough."

"How interesting!"

"And they are good nurses. In fact, they differ widely in their capabilities. They are constant and inconstant, fickle and true, small and large, charitable and uncharitable, good, bad and indifferent."

The hermit grasped his companion's hand eagerly.

"My friend," he said, "this is all very wonderful to me—your knowledge of woman is evidently extensive. And now, tell me how many of them you have lived with."

And the friend replied:

"One.—Life."

**Tobacco in Literature**

Among the early references to tobacco in English literature the most frequent occur in Ben Jonson's play *The Alchemist*. Abel Dragger's appreciative reference to "good tobacco" is an instance and Garrick is said to have laid stress on it when playing the part. A sketch of this scene in the play appears on the tins of Garrick Tobacco, which Lambert & Butler are now introducing in Canada. "Garrick" is the finest pipe tobacco made. 75c per quarter-pound tin, of all first-class tobaccoconists.

**Settlers, Low Rates West**

The Chicago and North-Western Railway will sell low one-way second-class settlers' tickets daily from September 15th to October 31st, 1905, to points in Utah, Montana, Nevada, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, California, and British Columbia. Rate from Toronto to Vancouver, Victoria, New Westminster, B.C., Seattle, Wash., or Portland, Ore., \$4.25; to San Francisco or Los Angeles, Cal., \$4.00. Correspondingly low rates from all points in Canada. Choice of routes. Best of service. For full particulars and folders write to B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 2 East King street, Toronto, Ont.

**Sister** — What! You engaged to Miss Pretty? Why, she has no family tree. **Brother** — Oh, I guess she has—and judging from her appearance it must be a peach.



THE LIMITATIONS OF THE CLOTH.

*The Lord Bishop* (whose caddie has sneezed at the moment of putting)—You—you—you naughty caddie!—*The Tatler*.

**Revival of an Art Lost for Twenty Centuries**

Examples of an art lost more than twenty centuries and only re-discovered by accident have been exhibited recently by Harry Firth, of Kirkby Lonsdale, England. The work duplicates the famous black ware of the Etruscans.

Mr. Firth spent the first forty years of his life tending flowers for the squire of Kirkby Lonsdale. He was a common gardener, earning in the neighborhood of \$6 a week. In 1890 he became interested in wood carving, through the instrumentality of the Arts and Crafts Guild, an institution originally started by Watts, Ruskin, Morris and a number of other then youthful enthusiastic artists, but now supported almost wholly by the various County Councils of England under the patronage of the Queen and almost all the royal family. In 1890 the guild was introduced into Kirkby Lonsdale, and Mr. Firth, his little daughter, his wife and other members of his family joined the student ranks. He took up wood carving, the daughter worked in color, his wife embossed leather, and all three have made a wonderful success.

Mr. Firth speedily found that his designs were difficult of execution, however, as he had no model with which to guide the movements of his chisel. Hence he was quick to avail himself of a suggestion that he model his work in clay, afterwards copying the design in wood. For a year or more he laboriously trudged seven weary miles with loads of plastic models to neighboring brick kiln, where they were baked hard. By degrees his interest in clay overshadowed his interest in wood, and instead of moulding mere designs for his chisel to copy he tried his prentice hand at original work in pottery. The same success which had met his wood carving followed him in this, and the same energy which had carried his models seven miles after a hard day's work in the garden carried his pot and his vases over the tedious road to the brick kiln.

A few months, however, and he saw that he had either reached his limit as a creative potter or he must devise new means for firing his clay. This he did by building for himself a small oven in little deserted shed whose owner allowed him its use free of charge. It was in this shed and in a little testing box at the apex of his homemade oven that Harry Firth, the gardener, finally wrested a secret of the ages and made once more the famous black Etruscan ware, sung by Juvenal, Persius and Horace and sought unsuccessfully by the leading potters all through the Christian era.

To the unsophisticated gardener, playing at pottery, the discovery meant nothing more than the loss of so much clay and so much labor. The rare specimens of newly found art he placed tearfully away in a corner where rubbish piled up and dust covered them. There they stood for weeks till an inquisitive clergyman with an eye for the artistic and an interest in the potter began rooting about in the shed and unearthed them. He was enthusiastic, and quickly set Firth's heart beating wildly with his tales of dead arts and his praise of the discarded treasures.

Then came the real labor, for though made once, it was not easy to reproduce an accident, and it took nine months of daily work before Firth again managed to duplicate the work of Numa's corporation of potters who wrought 700 years before Christ was born in Bethlehem. He has never patented his invention, and he told a reporter to-day that he has no intention of doing so. It is only two years since he first rediscovered his accidental discovery, and although he has made no attempt to push the sale of his wares or advertise himself in any way, he has won a fame select but secure, for among his patrons, nay, almost, friends, are the Emperor William, the Princess Christian, the Earl of Lonsdale and many others, while King Edward and other crowned heads

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7:30 p.m.—Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, Bay of Quinte, 1,000 Islands, Montreal, intermediate ports. Low rates above line.

For further information apply at Ticket Office, or write H. FOSTER CHAFFEE, Western Passenger Agent, Toronto.

How Japan Feeds Her Heroes.

Upon just what food the Japanese soldiers do their marvelous fighting and the exact method of its preparation and preservation can be learned from a letter which appears in London *Times*. The regular ration, it says, consists of rice and dried fish. The rice is boiled until quite thick and glutinous. Next it is placed on a ceramic slab, rolled out, and cut into squares. The squares are then placed in the sun to dry and often turned. When hard as sea biscuit and greatly reduced in weight they can be stored. A certain number are allowed each day to the soldier. All he has to do is to break up a square in boiling water and to add the dried fish. In a few minutes he has what seems to him a delicious thick soup. If he cannot procure boiling water he simply eats his rice cake dry. In the fruit season he substitutes fruit, when he can obtain it, for the fish. According to the same authority, the Japanese soldier has muscles like a whipcord, is a sure shot, and has an eye for landmarks and a memory for locality. He can do with three hours of sleep in a day, he is naturally cleanly, obeys sanitary instructions with willingness and intelligence, is ardently patriotic, holds his life cheap, and runs up hill like a goat. He costs the Japanese Government to cents a day and thinks himself well treated and well off.

From all this one can learn something about the Japanese soldier, but the suggestion that it gives valuable hints as to the best way to feed white soldiers is nonsense. To thrive on a diet like that is possible only for those whose ancestors have lived in much the same way for countless generations. The American, so fed, would simply starve to death, partly because of the insufficiency of the ration to meet his needs, which are the results of the long enjoyment of a more generous fare, and partly because distaste for an unmitigated diet of rice and dried fish would prevent him from getting out of those substances such nutriment as even for them would contain. And yet, in commenting on the description, *American Medicine* says with entire truth that "in buckling down to discipline and philosophically accepting the hardships of war in the way of rations and sanitary requirements, the armies of the world can learn from the Japanese. Their military and medical records in this war are proof of such statement. Thousands of cases of typhoid fever among our volunteers in 1898 could have been prevented by a discerning acceptance of the stern realities of campaigning."

Mike's Preference.

Car "Merrymeeting" was just swooning gracefully around a curve on the occasion of the recent reunion of Glover's Band, of Auburn, when Howard East began again:

"When I am off on a time like this I always think of my friend, Tim Murphy, the actor. You know him, don't you? You know Tim is a great fellow for good yarns, and his favorite custom is to come out in front of the curtain (after about six curtain calls) and tell some of them. Here's one that I heard him tell to a packed house one night, when I was sitting down in the row that has no hair on top of its head."

"A couple of Irish friends of mine," he said, "were doing New York. Very soon they came to Tiffany's window."

"Mike," said Pat, "how would you like to have your pick out of all those gewgaws, horsey?"

"Oh, faith," said Mike, "I would a durned sight rather have me shovels!"

Familial Anxiety.

The little granddaughter of a Presbyterian clergyman one night at bedtime became hysterical with fright over what she considered her lost spiritual condition.

Failing to comfort her, the mother called the grandfather, who gently opened to her the way of salvation. Apparently satisfied, she soon fell asleep. Presently a terrified scream rang through the house.

"My child!" cried the gentle clergyman, hastening to her, "haven't I made it clear to you?" "Oh, yes," she sobbed. "I'm all right, but I know there's no possible hope for mother!"

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# MUSIC

**T**HE Irish Guards' band have won the favorable verdict of all the audiences they have so far played to in Canada. In order, however, to give the Toronto public an opportunity of hearing them at closer quarters than has been possible on the grounds of the Exhibition, their manager, Mr. Isaac Suckling, has arranged for a concert by them at Massey Hall to-night (Saturday). Both the sonority and the finer musical *nuances* of their playing will be more advantageously in evidence in the auditorium of the hall.

One of the early attractions of the Massey Hall course of entertainments will be a concert by Charlotte Macanda, the popular soprano, who has already won several triumphs in this city. Her voice is said to be at its best and to be more delightful than ever in clarity and purity of tone.

The music of the big spectacle *Humpty Dumpty*, the week's attraction at the Princess Theater, is unblushingly reminiscent. The incidental music and the songs are credited to Fred Solomon and Messrs. Cole and Johnson, who, no doubt, wrote the music in a hurry to fill a contract and had no time to waste on originality. With a large portion of the public the tunes will be more successful than if they did not suggest something heard before—they will be understood and appreciated on first hearing.

It is a great pity that Wagner found it necessary to take for the theme of his opera *Valkyrie* a case of incestuous union. No doubt the story is allegorical, but the libretto nevertheless has heavily weighted the music and stood in the way of the general popularity of the opera. In this city it is pretty certain that in certain circles the story will create a prejudice against the production of the opera by the Savage Company promised for this season. I fancy, however, that the objection will not count for much among the really enthusiastic lovers of Wagnerian music. There will be intense curiosity to hear a work of which so much has been written.

London *Truth* thinks one might find material for a startling article on the "Meanness of the Well-to-Do" in their treatment of artists. A violinist of repute got the following note the other day from a well-known leader in London society: "I very much regret not being able to offer you and your accompanist the fee you name. Therefore, pray do not come this afternoon, unless you would consider it an advantage to play on your own account before H.R.H. and my friends and the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda for no fee. No doubt you are aware that introductions are always a benefit to professionals for their concerts or in the future." Sometimes, by way of comparison, an "expenses" fee of a guinea or so will be paid, but this arrangement is not generally favored by the hostesses. They much prefer to pay nothing at all; and the more money they have, the less inclined they usually seem to part therewith in cases of this sort. Does it pay artists to give their services free on such social occasions? *Truth* says sometimes it really may help them, though more frequently it does not, "and in any case the practice works out so disastrously for the profession at large that it were far better for one and all to forego such problematical benefits as the system may occasionally yield."

Mr. Frank Welsman, who has passed a pleasant vacation at Lake Joseph, Muskoka, is back in town again, and has resumed his teaching at his studio at Nordheimer's and at his residence, Madison avenue. It is understood that Mr. Welsman has in preparation a fine repertoire of concert numbers, selections from which he will play at recitals during the season.

Mr. P. J. McAvay has returned to New York, where he has secured positions for two more of his pupils, Miss Lilian Dillon and Mr. Fred O'Connell, the latter being especially successful, having been chosen for the leading tenor in the double quartette and understudy to the principal in *The School Girl*. Mr. McAvay's season opened September 5th.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, who will open the musical season at Massey Hall, will be composed of its full touring strength of seventy-five or eighty players under the direction of Mr. William Gericke, the conductor. It is the custom of the orchestra to mail in advance to all intending subscribers a programme with analytical notes of the numbers they will play, so that every auditor will be prepared with a full comprehension of the musical treat in store for them. The analytical notes are of more importance in these days, when such apostles of programme music as Tschaikowski and Richard Strauss are playing an important rôle.

Dr. Ham is back from his trip to England, where he had a most enjoyable experience among the notable London musicians. He announces that the National Chorus have engaged the New

York Symphony Orchestra of seventy members to assist them at their annual concert early in the new year. So far the following works have been selected for production: Sir Frederic Bridge's cantata *The Flag of England* for soprano solo, chorus and orchestra; Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Song of Peace* for chorus and orchestra, and several attractive *a cappella* numbers. The orchestral numbers have not yet been decided. The chorus will be called for rehearsals in a few days.

Mr. W. H. Dingle, organist of Parkdale Presbyterian church, has joined the staff of the Metropolitan School of Music, and will teach in the organ, vocal and piano departments. Mr. Dingle's success as an instructor is shown by the honors won by his piano and vocal pupils in the advanced examinations at Toronto University and other institutions. Several of his organ pupils, moreover, hold good positions in various parts of Canada. He was for six years musical director of Albert College, Belleville, and for some years was associated with Alma College, St. Thomas.

Mr. J. W. F. Harrison has returned from Muskoka, where he has spent his vacation, and has resumed tuition at the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Mr. W. Y. Archibald, the well-known teacher of singing, has resumed his classes at his studio in Nordheimer's.

Mr. R. G. Kirby, choirmaster of Trinity Methodist church, will return to his duties next Sunday, after a three months' vacation. His substitute, Mr. W. G. Armstrong, has displayed exceptional ability both as director and soloist. Mr. Armstrong may be congratulated on his success, as this is his first choir work since his return from New York City.

While enjoying a well-earned vacation at his camp on the St. Lawrence River near Kingston during July and August, Mr. Sherlock has been singing in the different churches of that old historic city, and, as usual, with much success. The *Whig* of the 29th ultimo gives him the following complimentary notice: "Mr. Sherlock sang again at the morning service in St. George's Cathedral. His singing was a very great pleasure, being sweet and full, with a vibrant tone that lends itself to deeply expressive rendering of both words and music. His enunciation is singularly clear, and the effortless lift and fall of his voice speak much for the method of voice culture he has pursued."

Mr. Rechab Tandy has returned to the city and resumed his vocal teaching at the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Mr. Peter C. Kennedy has returned to Toronto and resumed teaching at the Metropolitan School of Music. The demands upon his time are numerous and exacting. Those desiring his services should make immediate application.

Mrs. Mildred Walker will resume teaching at her studio, Bell Piano warehouse, on and after Monday, September 11th.

The Metropolitan School of Music, Toronto began its twelfth season on September 1st and an official report is to the effect that everything points to an exceptionally large attendance of pupils and also to a particularly interesting year. A recently issued calendar (prospectus), an attractive and lucidly prepared booklet, for gratuitous distribution, gives specifications as to studies and fees. In addition it sketches clearly the educational and professional experiences of members of the faculty and supplies much other general information of interest to those contemplating study.

Mr. G. D. Atkinson has returned from a month's holiday in the Lake of Bays district, and is resuming his teaching this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Blight are spending a few days in New York City. Mr. Blight will resume teaching on the 11th of September at his studio, Nordheimer's.

Mr. P. J. McAvay has returned to New York, where he has secured positions for two more of his pupils, Miss Lilian Dillon and Mr. Fred O'Connell, the latter being especially successful, having been chosen for the leading tenor in the double quartette and understudy to the principal in *The School Girl*. Mr. McAvay's season opened September 5th.

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York Symphony Orchestra of seventy members to assist them at their annual concert early in the new year. So far the following works have been selected for production: Sir Frederic Bridge's cantata *The Flag of England* for soprano solo, chorus and orchestra; Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Song of Peace* for chorus and orchestra, and several attractive *a cappella* numbers. The orchestral numbers have not yet been decided. The chorus will be called for rehearsals in a few days.

Mr. Frank Blackford will resume teaching in Toronto about September 11th.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth will return from Europe about the 9th or 10th of October, and will at once resume his piano teaching at his studio at Nordheimer's. He has arranged to bring out his pupil, Miss Helmer, in recital at Berlin on September 28th. She will play the Liszt B minor and the Chopin B flat minor sonatas.

A suggestion of the utmost importance to concert-givers is made in the London *Referee* by a writer who thinks he has discovered the secret of the stereotyped character of piano recitals which largely accounts for the small audiences at such recitals.

"Because the giant pianists play from memory," he says, "therefore the lesser lights must do likewise, though often with disastrous results alike to the composer and to the executant. Nor do the giants themselves escape the evils attendant on this custom. The strain on the memory is so great that slips are by no means uncommon, and 'to the sensitive musician such moments are most disturbing..... If pianists had the courage to play with music in front of them we should hear far more novelties, and young composers would receive much more encouragement."

There is a good deal of truth in these remarks. The writer might have strengthened his case by referring to the fact that while Liszt, the originator of the habit of playing a whole programme from memory, found it an advantage because his memory was well-nigh infallible, the greatest of his successors, Rubinstein, suffered tortures, by his own confession, in the later years of his life, from the constant fear of being left in the lurch by his memory; and that this was one of the main reasons why he refused to make a second tour in America. Nor can it be doubted that Paderewski would come out of his long American tour in better health than he usually does if he did not have to rely so heavily on his memory. To be sure, there is a tremendous advantage in playing from memory—an advantage similar to that which an orator has over a reader. But, as the writer in the *Referee* remarks: "Probably few gifted pianists would glance at the music page,..... but the knowledge that the music was before them would give confidence not only to the player, but to the listener." Opera singers have a prompter and a conductor to aid them in a moment of uncertainty; why should pianists be left helpless? It is their own fault if they persist in this foolish custom.

Two members are required to complete a first-class banjo quintette now being organized. Those interested should write Box A, SATURDAY NIGHT.

Sarah Bernhardt and the Legion of Honor

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's name has been proposed by the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts for the Cross of Knight of the Legion of Honor. The Grand Chancery of the order, with which the final decision rests, is now considering the list of nominations. Every one hopes that the decoration will be conferred on the famous actress this time. It is an open secret that she has been more than once before proposed for the Legion of Honor. But the Minister's nomination in her favor has been each time rejected by the Grand Chancery, which, strange as it may seem in this land of dramatic art, entertains Old World prejudices against the stage. Hitherto, not one French actor or actress has been decorated as an actor or actress, but in every case as a professor at the Conservatoire, or else for charitable work.

"Are you ready, Joe?" "Yes, Nellie." And with a grim smile the young man grasped the handle of the perambulator and made his first public appearance as the head of a family.

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A Special Three Weeks' Course in Piano Technic and Methods of Teaching, according to the Clavier System, will be conducted at

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by Mr. A. K. Virgil, of New York, beginning Monday, Sept. 11th.

Students in this Course will receive a lesson every day except on Saturday. Only a limited number can be accepted. There will be no examination in necessary in order to secure a place in this class. Further particulars may be had by applying to the Registrar, Toronto Conservatory of Music.

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## MRS. RYAN-BURKE

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Vocal Director Loretto Abbey, Conservatory of Music.

or 303 Jarvis St.

## MRS. LE GRAND REED

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The Reindeer Queen of Alaska.

should drink, or not take proper care of his herd, he can be dispossessed and his herd loaned to another person. On his part he agrees not to sell any female deer to any purchaser except the Government.

Deer were also loaned to the mission stations, with the same provisions as to apprentices and sale, they agreeing to return to the Government, when called upon, the original number of deer loaned. One instance alone illustrates the value of these loans to the missions. In 1894 one hundred deer were loaned to the Congregational mission at Cape Prince of Wales. Since then the mission has repaid the loan, and now owns one thousand head of deer. Such ownership means to the mission a permanence it could not otherwise have, since the natives, not being required to go afar for food, escape the demoralization of the mining camps. It also affords an opportunity of encouraging and rewarding worthy native families and promoting their material interests. It affords, moreover, a source of revenue in selling male deer to the miners for food and for transportation. A sledge deer is valued at \$150, and is superseding dogs for this purpose. A couple of deer in harness will haul seven hundred and fifty pounds, and find their own food in the reindeer moss beneath the snow. As food the deer afford a constant supply of fresh meat, which means much to people condemned to live on canned goods the greater part of the year.

Of the sixty owners of herds, two-thirds are Eskimos who have secured

their deer through apprenticeship and have been trusted to become owners. Two are women, and one of these, with the exception of the mission at Cape Prince of Wales, is the foremost of what will yet come to be the reindeer aristocracy of Alaska—a class corresponding to the great cattle ranchers of the Plains. Mary Antislook, now Andrewuk, owns three hundred and fifty-eight deer and fawns. A woman who can neither read nor write, she speaks seven languages, and has been of great service to the Government as interpreter. If to her natural abilities as a linguist, woman of affairs and executive ability, she had been placed outside of the Arctic regions, she would have been "one of the women of our times." As it is, she is the "Reindeer Queen of Alaska."

Satisfactory as the reindeer have been from a financial point of view, that is the least important result. The reindeer is so prolific that this modest beginning soon entailed a system of distribution, which has since been successfully followed. At first Siberian herders were brought over to care for the herd. To these Eskimos were apprenticed in order to learn the care of the deer, to train and break them to harness. They served five years, receiving food and clothes from the Government. They were also to have the loan of two female deer a year, and to regard these and their fawns as the nucleus of a future herd. After five years, if the apprentice was satisfactory, he was to receive a loan of enough deer to bring the number up to fifty. As a herder he was now obliged to support himself and family and could take apprentices himself. For twenty years the Government exercises supervision over these herders. If a herder

This is what the reindeer has done in a few years for the material prosperity of the natives of Alaska. It is but the beginning of the future of the reindeer over a pasture which will easily accommodate ten million head—a pasture of perpetual snow, over which no other animal can graze. The reindeer is a timid animal. A sudden movement will put him to flight. Being timid, he is gregarious, and a herder can easily care for one thousand head. He is so gentle that, being domesticated, he will eat out of hand and follow like a dog. He is so speedy that Paul du Chaillu tells of traveling one hundred and fifty miles a day in a reindeer sledge. A pair can haul seven hundred and fifty pounds and can make thirty-five miles a day through the unbroken snow, finding their own food, and this for weeks at a time. The colder it is the better they thrive.

It is the reindeer that has transformed the postal facilities of Alaska. There are now semi-monthly mails to the Yukon and Nome during the winter, where before there were none. The longest route is that to Point Barrow—the most northern post-office on the globe. Here are a whaling station and a mission that formerly received but one mail a year, and that sometimes failed. Now reindeer carry a winter mail over thirteen hundred miles without road or trail, the thermometer from twenty to sixty degrees below zero, to that far-away post on the Arctic Ocean.

There have been acts of beneficence accomplished through prolonged peril that deserve a place among the records of heroic deeds, which only the presence of the reindeer have made possible. In the autumn of 1897 eight whalers and two hundred and seventy-five men were caught in the ice near Point Barrow, with only three months' provision. It would be at least a year before the ice released them, and starvation awaited them. No vessel with food could get within two thousand miles of them, nor was there any method of transporting food overland. But there were herds of deer at Cape Nome. Responding to a call for volunteers, Lieutenants Jarvis and Berthold and Surgeon Call of the navy made their way by dog-sleds to Cape Nome, to the Congregational mission. Here they secured five hundred deer, and, aided by W. T. Lopp, the missionary in charge, and Eskimo herders, made their way over the unbroken snow seven hundred and fifty miles in an Arctic winter, arriving at Point Barrow, after a journey of three months, just in time to save the starving men. Of the reindeer, two hundred and forty were used for food, and the remainder kept to form the nucleus of a herd at Point Barrow to provide against future emergencies. Five years before this rescue could not possibly have been effected, and in this case it was due entirely to the prophetic eye which saw what reindeer might be to the frozen North.

In 1900 the soldiers employed in building the Government telegraph on the Yukon were imprisoned by the winter storms. The rations were failing, and the mules had given out, when word reached a mission station. Dr. Gambrell and an assistant started immediately with deer, and the troops, with their camp equipage, were brought out in safety. Thereafter the deer were kept with

## The Romance of the Reindeer.

By Mary Gay Humphreys.

MISTRESS went to Castle Garden, when that was a port of entry, for a maid. She found a demure little Swede.

"Can you cook?" the mistress asked. "No, mem." "Can you sweep and make beds?" "No, mem." "What, then, can you do?" she asked, in desperation. "I can milk reindeer, mem."

In that day, to come to this country to milk reindeer was like going to Tahiti to cut ice. Now you can cut ice in Tahiti, and there are thousands of reindeer in this country waiting to be milked, and prepared to furnish butter and cheese and perform duties which they alone can perform.

The civilization of Alaska by reindeer is one of the prettiest tales ever told of imagination justified by experience; one of the most convincing stories of the glance of the prophetic eye fully and speedily realized. It is also the story of discouragement, ridicule, persistence against overwhelming odds, and, what is more difficult, of the combat with skepticism, against which only the most enlivening faith, daunted hope and unconquerable energy can make way.

Until gold was found in Alaska, it was the neglected stepchild of the country. Except to the missionary and the seal-hunters of the coast, the inhabitants of the Arctic Circle had not even a place in the census.

The missionary is a curious person. He sees things through the eye of faith, as others see through knowledge. To this trait is due, as so many other vital but unrecognized acts are due, that machinery of the new civilization in Alaska now so successfully under way. Of this the reindeer is the motive power. It was the missionary that supplied that.

In 1890 Dr. Sheldon Jackson, making his inspecting tour among the Alaskan missions, became aware of an impending dangerous situation. The greed of the white men was devastating both land and sea. The whalers had driven the whales to other seas. The walrus was nearly exterminated by steam and rapid-firing guns. The hunted seals no longer played about the coast-line. To find them the native had to go far out to sea. This meant that the inhabitants of northern Alaska were being deprived of their food, their clothing, light, imple-

ments, and their industries. Famine was depopulating them, and it was inevitable that the Government would soon have thousands of helpless persons dependent on its bounty for food.

Across the thirty miles of water we know as Behring's Straits was Siberia, with a people comfortably prosperous and living under almost the same natural conditions. The contrast was too striking not to excite attention and inquiry. To Dr. Jackson the answer seemed to lie in the possession by the Siberians of the domestic reindeer. To the Siberian the reindeer was food, clothing, beast of burden, and article of commerce. The reindeer is prolific. It costs nothing for its keep. Under the vast snow-fields of the frozen North lies the reindeer moss on which it feeds. Why, then, should the reindeer not be to the Alaskan what it is to his neighbor across Behring's Straits?

The proposition was so convincing that Dr. Jackson hastened to Washington to lay it before Congress and ask for a small appropriation to buy a few Siberian reindeer for the present emergency, and in the belief that they would secure Alaska against future catastrophes.

To Congress this was only one of those rainbow schemes for which it is often called upon to provide. Senator Teller, indeed, urged the appropriation, but his voice was lost in this handsome opportunity for oratorical satire and Senatorial puns. Dr. Jackson did not get his appropriation; but a sufficient number of outside people were interested in the project to subscribe \$2,000 as a venture, and the Government did allow the revenue cutter *Thetis* to take Dr. Jackson to Siberia to make his purchases.

The Siberians did not want to sell. The *Thetis* sailed fifteen hundred miles before an owner could be found willing to part with his deer. Money he refused. What were bits of metal to him! At last he consented to barter for American goods. Thus sixteen deer only were secured. This was in 1891, a beginning so insignificant that it attracted no attention. Meanwhile Senator Teller continued to press the matter on the Senate, and at last Senatorial courtesy prevailed.

"Teller has this at heart. He only asks \$6,000. It is a small sum. Let him have it."

So the Senators argued, and the first appropriation was made in 1894. In 1897 this was increased to \$12,000. In

Slow train. Local line. Disp site between passenger and guard.  
Guard—Well, sir, I've been on this train, boy and man, for thirty-five year.  
Bitter Passenger—Good heavens, man! what station did you get in at?—  
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## Japan and China in the Kitchen.

**T**HE Oriental servant with all his failings, his many virtues, and what a cook of another race once described as his "square little ways," gives domestic life beyond the Rockies a picturesque and unique character that the woman servant of the Eastern coast fails to impart. The Chinese cook and the Japanese houseboy are found all up and down the Pacific slope, and they reign supreme in the kitchens of British Columbia, Washington, Oregon and California.

The first household problem wrestled with by the bride from Toronto who comes out to live on the coast is the Chinese cook, his pidgin English and his various personal and domestic peculiarities.

Like Miss Fanny of nursery fame, when a Chinaboy is "good he is very, very good, and when he is bad he is horrid." The competent Chinese domestic is a blessing, the bad one a worry unendurable, with methods of torture hitherto unknown and unsuspected by the unsophisticated housekeeper, though comfort lies in the fact that the good are fairly abundant and the very bad comparatively rare.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that they are all called "boys" indiscriminately, and Chinese or Japanese servant, whatever his age, be it fifteen or fifty, is always "the boy," just as in some parts of the country all female servants are "maids" or "girls," whether blushing sixteen or withered sixty, whether maid, wife or widow.

The capable Chinaboy takes charge of the house, cooks like a chef, cuts the wood, carries coal, and keeps everything clean enough and neat enough to satisfy the requirements even of the most exacting. Unbidden he takes down, washes and rehangs the lace curtains, and waits for no orders to wash the windows, and all the while makes tempting and delicious dishes from the remnants and scraps that too often the white woman throws away.

To his other attractions as a domestic add honesty, and the satisfaction that comes with the knowledge that he is never tempted to wear one's best chiffon stock, use one's favorite ribbons, purloin expensive perfume, or clandestinely borrow one's jewelry to be returned or not according to the degree of the borrower's probity—or lack of it.

With one good Chinaman the smallest household on the Pacific coast is enabled to give dainty dinners and little luncheons that are well cooked and prettily served, and with two Chinamen a comparatively large house may be well and properly managed and kept in beautiful order.

The Chinaman loves to cook and all his Oriental love of color and of decorative effects is allowed free play. No dish is too elaborate or too difficult for him to try, and as a consequence the family with only one Chinaman can give dinners of five or six courses in a style that would be almost impossible with one white servant.

On such occasions, occasions of pride and importance to the "boy," who seldom grudges labor spent in cooking, another of his Oriental peculiarities comes to light, and the astonished mistress who is undergoing her first experience with him finds her kitchen invaded by two or three strange Chinamen, who grin pleasantly and say, "Hello," with a familiarity that is intended only to be friendly, and not impudent. These, she is told, are "cousins," and she soon learns that at such times the "boy" calls upon his relatives for assistance. Apparently all Chinamen are as liberally blessed with "cousins" as a pretty housemaid, for cousinship runs on strange lines in China, and all bearing the same family name are related, as for example all the Wongs are cousins, and all the Wings are cousins, which is a little as if with us all the Smiths of all the Jones were related. These ties, however, are freely acknowledged among them and they respond willingly to the call. If the menu be long and elaborate the better pleased are they, and if they are given some cream to whip and a bottle of green and of red coloring they are quite happy.

The "cousins" all help, and perhaps one may make cream puffs, another contribute an entree or make jellies, etc. Should there be a lack of any particular kitchen utensil the hostess need not trouble herself about it, for the "boy" promptly borrows anything wanted, and the cream may have been moulded in a shape belonging to Mrs. X., with whom one has not even a casual acquaintance, or the cucumbers sliced with Mrs. Jones's cutter, while in due season the present hostess's omelette pan may serve a turn in Mrs. Brown's kitchen.

Sometimes the "boy" manages the cooking entirely himself, and then some cousin less talented in the culinary art may come in to help him wash the dishes. But whether his assistants be few or many, he alone waits at table; this right he reserves for himself, and only the servants belonging to the household ever appear in the dining-room, no mere stranger being ever permitted to usurp this honor.

All these matters are arranged by the Chinaman himself; the mistress has nothing to do with it, there are no fees, no "extras," for her to pay. The "cousins" expect nothing in the way of money, but they know that when their turn comes the Wong, Sam, Wing, Chew or Pang at present being aided will reciprocate in like manner.

For cooking the Chinese seem to have a positive talent, and young boys of only fifteen and sixteen are often really fine pastry cooks. For them cooking is an art in which to excel is to attain glory and great gain, and to learn and successfully make some new dish of a decorative and highly ornate sort is to realize what the artist feels who sees the completion of his latest masterpiece.

Though he often does it very well the Chinaman has not usually the same fondness for housework that he has for cooking, and his highest ambition is to

become a chef with perhaps two or three assistants under him.

In families where two Chinamen are employed the second boy performs the duties of housemaid, parlor maid and assistant to the cook and he is generally under the latter's authority. Frequently indeed the cook engages him and is responsible for the performance of his duties and his competence generally.

The bad Chinese servant has ways and tricks of torture all his own and unthinkable in a white domestic. He burns all he cooks or makes it soggy and heavy, sends to table half-raw puddings, makes sour bread, and impossible cake in which he uses eight and nine eggs at forty cents a dozen, serves unpunctual and uneatable meals, breaks the best china and cut glass with the utmost nonchalance, and not infrequently carries off household supplies, and smokes opium until he is stupid.

But it is when he is told to do something that he dislikes that he shows the most characteristic and annoying of his peculiarities.

"No sabe," (I do not understand), he replies, while his face assumes as much expression as a wooden image. And the exasperated and baffled woman who calls herself his mistress finds herself reduced to a state of helplessness before that stolid yellow mask. Though he may have performed the very duty upon which she is now insisting only the day before, he coolly repeats to every demand, "No sabe."

The "no sabe" trick, however, is not confined to the incompetent, for one's best Chinaman sometimes develops this little failing and suddenly and unexpectedly begins to "no sabe" at the most inconvenient times and places.

Occasionally the "no sabe" trick is varied by an assumption of guilelessness, and the following is an instance of this kind, though it is not often carried to such lengths. A certain Los Angeles woman found fault with a pudding made by her particular Sing, who listened, as she suggested improvements, with disapproving grunts and muttered Chinese remarks of an apparently uncomplimentary nature. The pudding coming to table just as before, the next day she entered the kitchen unexpectedly, and told him she intended to show him how to make it properly. This was a double insult, first to his cooking, second to his comprehension, and he relapsed into very guttural Chinese which it was probably to her peace of mind she did not understand.

She went into the pantry for some ingredient, and her anger can better be imagined than described when upon trying to come out she found the door would not open! Vainly she stormed, rattled the handle, and ordered the door unlocked. This lasted for about ten minutes, when, shaking the handle again, the door flew open.

This was too much for human endurance, and she demanded angrily of Sing how he dare lock the door.

"I no lock door," was the cool reply, "door not lock, you not tu'n handle light way. Yo' shake door he not come open, bimeby yo' tu'n handle and he open, yo' not tu'n him light fist time."

Further discussion seemed unprofitable, and returning once more to the subject of the pudding, but determined that nothing so strange should happen again to the door, she said,

"Sing, you go pantry get raisins, I show you how make him pudding."

"Pudding all made," replied the Oriental with imperturbable face.

Of course she dismissed him immediately? No indeed; she intended to, but morning brought fresh counsel and she remembered all his valuable qualities—and Sing still presides in that kitchen.

The good servant is a treasure to be highly esteemed, and retained even at great cost, and there is a story told of a certain Victoria man whose bride could not agree with the Chinaman whom he had employed during his bachelor days, and whom he had meant to retain. In distress he consulted a married friend who is quoted as having replied:

"Keep the Chinaman, keep the Chinaman, my dear fellow. You can easily get another wife, but another first-class Chinaman may be a difficult matter, and when you have been married a year you'll think so too."

Many of these Chinamen like to buy for the house, and there is a story told of a certain Victoria man whose bride could not agree with the Chinaman whom he had employed during his bachelor days, and whom he had meant to retain. In distress he consulted a married friend who is quoted as having replied:

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"Yo' go way yo' bollow (bother) me."

The incompetent Chinaman not only cooks badly himself but takes a most malicious delight in seeing anything made by a member of the family spoiled, when he remarks loftily:

"Yo' no sabe how make him."

The man who has made uneatable dishes again and again, grins with delight when the cake made by his mistress, for reasons best known to himself, requires four hours to cook instead of twenty minutes, while half an hour after her cake, hard, sour and sodden, comes out of the oven he will bake one himself in thirty minutes, remarking slyly: "Yo' no sabe make cake, I sabe make him good."

Cooks often have a fancy for buying themselves all sorts of extra kitchen utensils such as egg beaters, cream whisks, jelly moulds, and a French butcher's knife or a common clock. And they are very ingenious in making the various little conveniences they want; an old mustard can with the top punched full of holes makes a kitchen salt

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sprinkler, the top of a salmon can serves as a pastry bag, etc.

One of the greatest disadvantages of the Chinese servant, good, bad or indifferent, is his inability to deliver a message, or even give the name of anyone who may have called, and until one becomes accustomed to his peculiar method of mangling the names of one's intimates it is impossible to recognize them at all. As for giving a message, woe betide the unfortunate Caucasian who undertakes to receive or to give one through the Chinaman.

Sometimes the Japanese work in couples; that is, the husband does the cooking while the wife does the housework or acts as nurse, and this is often a very comfortable arrangement. In British Columbia especially there are a number of Japanese women employed as nurses and they are said to be very satisfactory. They are, however, nearly always of a lower order than the men of their nationality, and they do not display the same overpowering eagerness for education; indeed they are not of the student class.

One of the virtues of the Oriental servitor is his desire to remain as long as possible with the same family, and among the Chinese it is an uncommon occurrence to find them living in one household for twelve, fifteen, twenty or even twenty-five years. This is more often the case with the Chinaman than with the Japanese, for the latter in his anxiety to acquire education moves from family to family as he proceeds from lower to higher schools in different parts of the city.

Another great difference between the Japanese and the Chinese is that the latter can be tempted to leave their present situation by an offer of higher wages, while the former finds mere money not so great an inducement.

Another great difference between the two nationalities is that the highest ambition of the Japanese is not to become a chef, as is the ardent wish of the Chinaman, but his aim is to acquire book knowledge, to learn to absorb all he can like some intelligent human sponge. New and elaborate dishes hold no extraordinary charm for him, but a little help with his lessons, a corrected pronunciation or a spelling lesson, calls forth his warmest gratitude.

When the Chinaman or Japanese houseboy wishes to leave his present situation he seldom commits to him the terrible solecism of saying plainly that he does not care to stay longer, or that he has received an offer of higher wages, but with polite circumlocution informs his employer that his uncle is going to China, or perhaps it is his cousin that is going away, and he must go to bid him good-bye; whatever the excuse the real meaning is that the servant offering it intends to leave, and that the master or mistress may look for another.

But the Japanese domestic is touchy and easily offended. His dignity is a tender matter, and he must be handled with gloves in order to obtain the best and pleasantest results, but on the other hand he more closely approaches the white man, and the family form an attachment for him that is more rarely the case with the Chinaman.

Often, indeed generally, the Japanese house servant is a student, and after he has finished his housework in the afternoon, or the evening he attends school. He is scrupulously polite, and is very particular about the social standing and the education, especially the latter, of the family in which he serves. From his own country he brings with him the maxim that no one is too great to be the attendant of a wise man's, his English is usually good, and his manners have a certain politeness that is lacking in the Chinaman.

Here, indeed, in singular fashion the East, ancient, inscrutable and picturesque, joins hands with the young, vigorous, rushing West, and as one looks out of the window and sees the Chinaman mount his bicycle to go to market, the mingling of the Orient and the Occident seems comically illustrated.—Helen Gregory MacGill.

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"Rubber will give over 1,000 per cent, not alone on the cost of extraction, but upon the first capital invested."—Matias Romero, late Mexican Minister to the United States.

"One hundred thousand rubber trees, the first years harvested, will yield \$120,000"—(Over \$500 per acre). British Foreign Office Report, No. 385, page 27.

"Don Frederico Calcanio, a few weeks ago, sold the rubber from 2,000 seven-year-old trees in San Juan for a net profit of \$3,000, \$375 per acre."—*India Rubber World*.

"10,000 trees planted in 1893, on the Hacienda dona Felipe Ortiz, yielded three pounds per tree."—*The Trader*. This is 300 trees to the acre, and \$1 per pound would be \$300 per acre.

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\$100,000 was recently offered and refused for Las Chiraras, an isthmus plantation, with but 200 acres developed.

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**The Wand of Golden Rod.**

"It is such a stupid world," murmured Pansy Winton; "my flowers are all going away, and there's only the sumac in the woods and the golden-rod in the fields."

"It's pretty stuff, though," said her cousin May; "it looks like yellow feathers. I'd love to have some of it on a hat." Golden Rod rustled, and Pansy thought that she heard a sneeze. "You're silly about flowers, anyway, Pansy," said May reprovingly; "there's no fun in sitting on a bank looking at them. What I like is to get all soaking wet, looking for ferns, and to hear the water go squidgey in my boots."

"It's nicer not to have boots on, and just to feel the soft black mud between your toes."

"Ugh! I'm always afraid of toads or little snakes. But I've got to write a composition on wild flowers, and I've not a word done yet. It's so silly to write about things for a teacher that must know all about them herself. We've got to do two hundred words."

"That's awful," said Pansy, "but they don't give you a composition to find out anything except whether you know how to spell and where a capital should go. Golden-rod looks as if it might have been a pen once with a lot of fuzzy stuff on the end. Don't you wish you could find out about the birds and flowers? Now, there's a swallow. I know that he's thinking of going away in about a month. If he would only tell us about the things he has seen!"

"I don't believe that birds ever notice a thing," said May, in disdain; "their eyes are so little that they can just see to fly. It seems such a waste of time for them to travel. Now, if you and I were to go south we might come back and write long compositions on what we had done. But I must go and look for my books. I left them down near the creek. I believe I'll sit down by the old elm on the other side and try writing some of my exercise now, don't come and talk to me."

"May is getting to be a stuck-up thing," said Pansy to the grass and Golden Rod. "She thinks she's smart just because she's a little older than I am, and can write compositions. The idea of wanting golden-rod for a hat!"

"It is absurd," came a voice from the nearest tall spray, "but, you know, she is not really acquainted with us. She

is very proud of just beginning to study history, but we smiled when we heard her telling you yesterday about the ancient Britons staining themselves blue, with some kind of plant. But she doesn't know anything about our history, does she, Bracken?" Bracken gave a hoarse grunt, and Golden Rod went on. "It is strange that little girls, and even big ones, seem to think that it's the proper thing to wear imitations of us on the head."

"It shows how much they think of you," said Pansy.

"But, dear me, we don't want to be in the fashion. Every one used to call us weeds and horrid yellow things, but lately people have been calling us picturesques—whatever that may mean!"

A dreadful thing happened the other day. Some of us were dragged away to a house, and were placed in the center of a large table, with ribbons tied round us. Wasn't it cruel?"

"Yes," said Pansy, trying not to laugh, "it was next door to us. Mrs. Gordon gave a tea and my mother went to it. One of the ladies said that the golden-rod looked cute."

"Cute!" shrieked a little spike, shaking her head furiously.

"The ribbon was wide, white satin, you know."

"It was an insult. But one of the carnations told me that they are accustomed to it. They have had some queer, slimy white stuff wrapped round them, and have been tied up with lace. Why can't people leave us alone?"

"They don't worry us any more," chuckled Milk Weed. "They tore us away from home, and tied us up in little bags with holes all over them, and hung us by ribbons to a big thing with lights in it. And then they would call us lovely and say how silky we were. But we would get out of the holes in the bag, and cling to their collars and their skirts, until they were tired of having us in the room. So they threw us away, and we stay in our nice, green tent now, and don't go out, except to have a little ride on the wind."

"I remember the time," said Golden Rod slowly, "when I wasn't a yellow feather spike for the bees to play with."

"I wish you would tell us about it," said Milk Weed eagerly.

"Yes, and have you wandering all over the field, whispering it, in your soft, silky tones, to every blade of grass you meet?"

"I wouldn't," answered Milk Weed, with earnestness. But just then a

breeze that had been rustling near the bank for a moment came rushing playfully along and scattered the deadly, silk flakes all over Pansy's serge skirt.

"I'll never get them off," she said in desperation. "But do tell me about the time when you were not a flower. Never mind Milk Weed. She's a gentle little thing that won't do any harm."

"Well, if you must know about it," said Golden Rod, throwing a friendly glance at Bracken, "I was long ago—"

"It always is."

"Do you mean to doubt me?"

"Oh, no! I am very sorry. Only, it always seems as if the good times were so very much gone by. That doesn't sound right, but you know what I mean."

"Of course I do," said Golden Rod; "hasn't your mother often told you that she had much more fun when she was a little girl than you or your cousin May will ever know?"

"But grandmother is sure that she had a far happier time than mother. She says that their pleasures were more simple. But please tell me your story."

"Well, I suppose you are too young to have read about the 'yellow-skirted fays.' But I have been told that a great English poet speaks of them."

"It is," said Golden Rod, "one day, said Pansy with a sigh; 'there seems to be a dreadful lot of poetry in the world. Do you suppose they wrote it just to be mean? If I were a great man I should be ashamed of wasting my time on such things. But what did the fays do?"

"They lived in a much prettier country than this, and were never disturbed, for the people respected them and would leave presents on the racks and in the trees, for they knew that the fays could do a great deal of mischief when they were angry."

"Did they have a queen?"

"I was just going to tell you about her. She was called Amber, and I suppose she was very powerful, for even the moon-fays had heard of her. But it seems as if even fays can't be happy always, and after a while there was trouble on account of Bluelegs."

"Who was Bluelegs?"

"If you ask me any more questions I shan't tell you the story." There was a silence for about half a minute, and then Golden Rod went on. "Bluelegs hardly belonged to them, and yet the yellow fays were very good to him. He was found on a rock near the river one night and, except for his queer legs, he might have been taken for a fay.

He wouldn't tell where he came from, but he knew so many of their ways that they came to the conclusion that he had better be given a good office. So he was made one of Queen Amber's guard and he might have been very happy if he had only kept from playing his tricks. There was only one thing of which the fays were afraid. That was buttermilk—for they might be drowned in it. They could swim in water or milk and they greatly enjoyed tumbling into wine. But buttermilk was deadly to them, and the maids would wonder in the morning why the pitcher was full of thick yellow butter. It was a poor little melted fay, but of course they could not know that. But one August night, when three other fays were enjoying themselves with a jug of cider, Bluelegs tumbled headlong into a bowl of buttermilk. They began to cry, for he had been rather amusing, after all, when, to their surprise, he began splashing about and seemed to enjoy himself immensely. When he came out he was wearing little buttons of butter all over his coat, but he was very proud of them until they melted. The fays were sure, after that adventure, that he was no true yellow-skirted fay, but he was treated with all the more respect.

"Now, there was one little fay in Queen Amber's guards whom Bluelegs seemed to dislike very much. His name was Minot and he was a favorite with the Queen, and always went with her when she rode to the river. Bluelegs tipped him out of the chariot and he was almost killed. But the others were all afraid to tell the Queen how it happened, and when Minot recovered he had forgotten about having been flung from his high seat. But Bluelegs was evidently bent on having Minot out of the way, and when they went to the cellar, on the north side of the river, a terrible crime was committed. Bluelegs, as usual, promptly jumped into a bowl of buttermilk and began to splash about, mocking the other fays because they dared not follow him. Minot was standing near, and Bluelegs swiftly caught hold of his yellow coat and dragged him in, crying, 'I'll teach you to swim, you wretched Minot!' Before any one could interfere, Minot was under the creamy waves, touched here and there with buttery foam, and he soon began to melt away.

"Ugh! He's poisoning the buttermilk. I must get out," cried Bluelegs, and he scrambled over the edge of the bowl. None of the fays would speak to him, and the next day, when the Queen demanded the services of Minot, there was an awful silence. She ordered Dotsie to tell her about Minot, and when Dotsie refused and began to cry Queen Amber herself beat him with needles until he screamed out that Bluelegs had drowned Minot in the buttermilk. The Queen was furious and sent for Bluelegs, who only laughed and said that he was going back to his own country, where they had rivers of buttermilk to swim in. But the Queen ordered him to be bound with strips of ribbon-grass and had him thrown into a hollow stump. He was condemned by a council of fays to be crushed to death by cherry stones next night, and they busied themselves collecting cherry pits to throw at the cruel murderer. But Bluelegs was stronger than they dreamed. He broke the ribbon-grass bonds and tore them into shreds. Then he ran away—but worst of all they found, on the following night, that he had taken Queen Amber's best wand, which the Man in the Moon had given her. It was ornamented with beautiful golden plumes, and the Queen was in despair.

"He must be chased," she said. "Send for one of Mercury's runners!" So the runner came and said that he would do his best, but that Bluelegs was a very wicked fay, whom no one had been able to capture. They chased Bluelegs for weeks, and at last they found that he had flung the wand away, after he had persuaded his mother to bewitch him. It was ornated with beautiful golden plumes, and the Queen was in despair.

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"And where is Bluelegs?"

"I told you that it all happened long ago," said Golden Rod crossly—and not another word would he say.

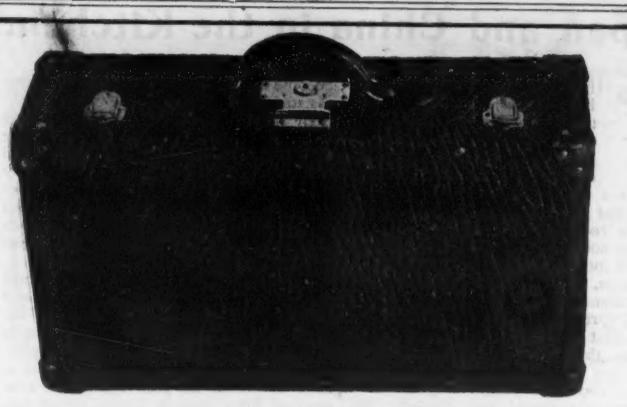
"Lazy lumb," called Cousin May cheerfully, "I've written a whole page, while you've been doing nothing." But Pansy knew better than to tell the story of Bluelegs and the buttermilk.

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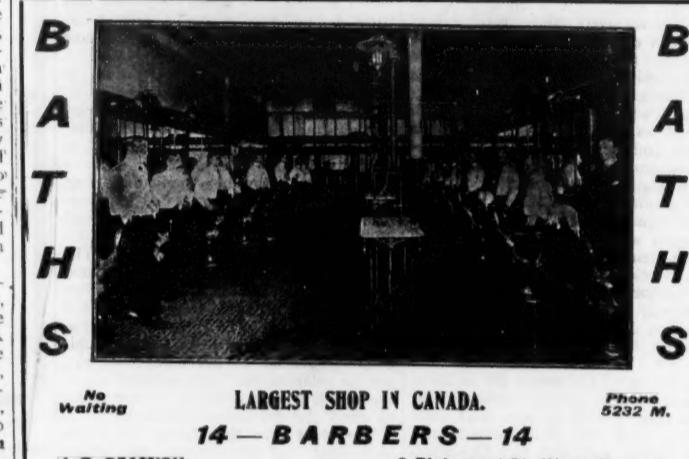
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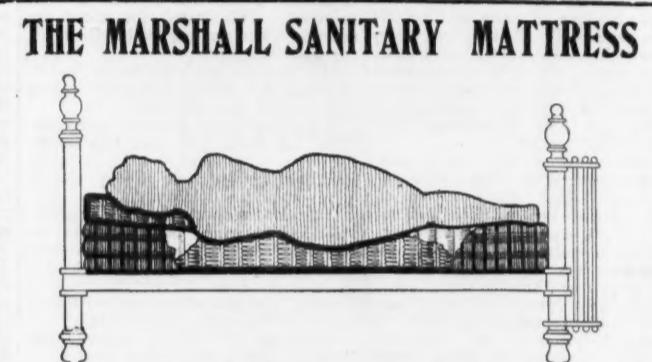
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BRYSON—BROWN—Rosscau, September 5, Edith Buckland Brown to George Frederick Bryson.

COPLAND—GEHL—New York, August 31, Annie Monterey Gehl to Robert James Copeland.

GILLESPIE—MORRISON—Toronto, September 6, Mary Edith Morrison to R. E. Gillespie.

HALL—BRADBURN—Toronto, September 6, Florence Gertrude Bradburn to F. J. A. Hall.

HANEY—SAUL—Toronto, August 30, Annie M. Saul to Fred A. Haney.

HILLOCK—BEATTY—Toronto, September 6, Laura L. Beatty to John F. Hillock.

MAULSON—TUCKETT—LOWRY—September 4, Virginia Tuckett-Lowry to Victor Maulson.

MCGILL—McDOUGAL—Toronto, September 6, Ida McDougal to Daniel McGill.

STEELE—McDERMOT—Parkdale, September 1, Clara Wilcox McDermot to James R. Steele.

**Deaths**

BULLOCH—Gananoque, September 3, William Bulloch, aged 72 years.

CERBERUS—Grace Hospital, September 4, Mrs. Cerberus, aged 76 years.

CROAKER—Haliburton, September 5, Michael Croaker.

DAGLEIGH—Mrs. William A. Dagleish, aged 21, September 5, died at the home of her parents, 385 Yonge Street.

FUNKE—Toronto, September 6, Eva M. Funke.

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